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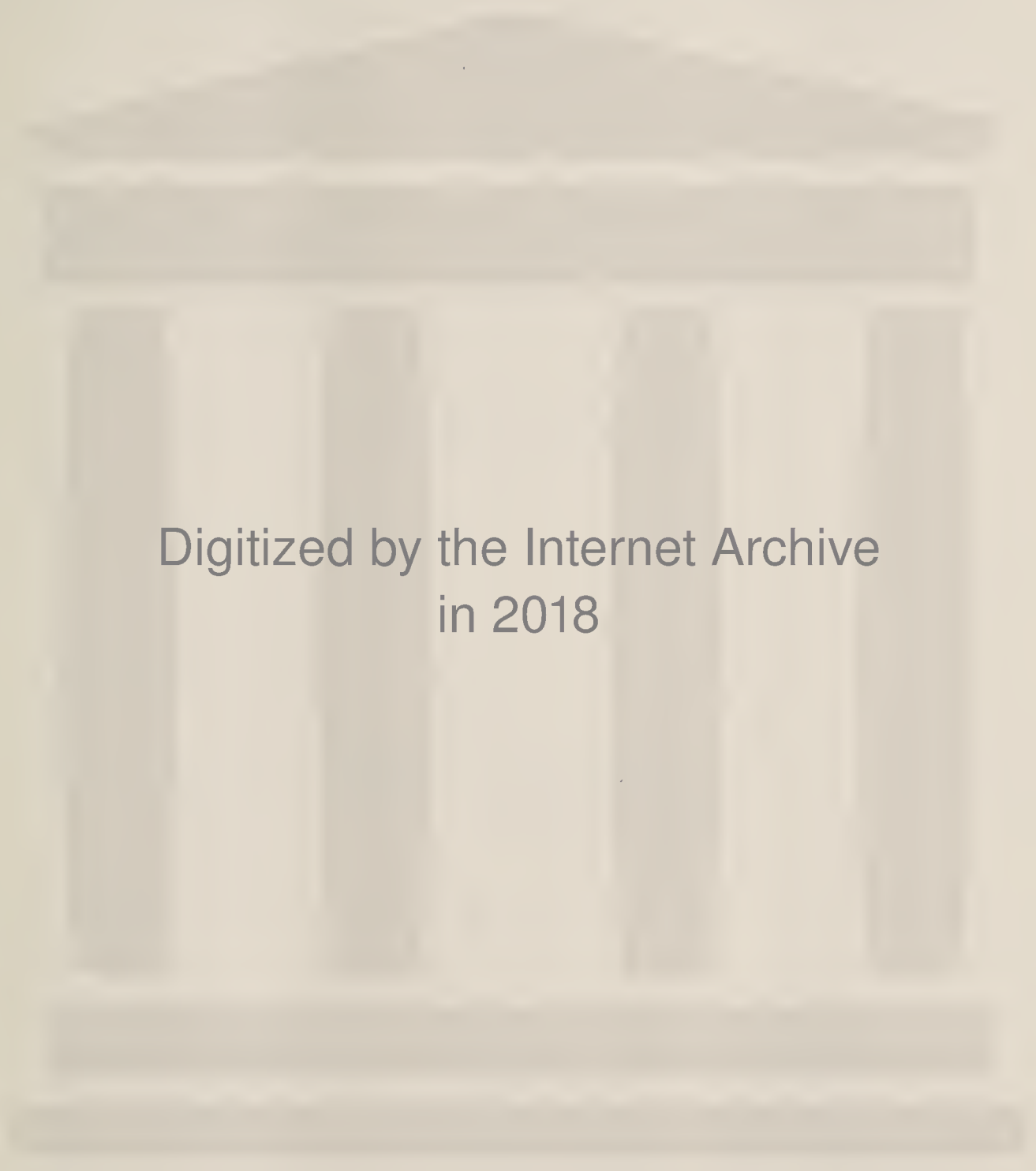
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THE BELLS SHALL RING

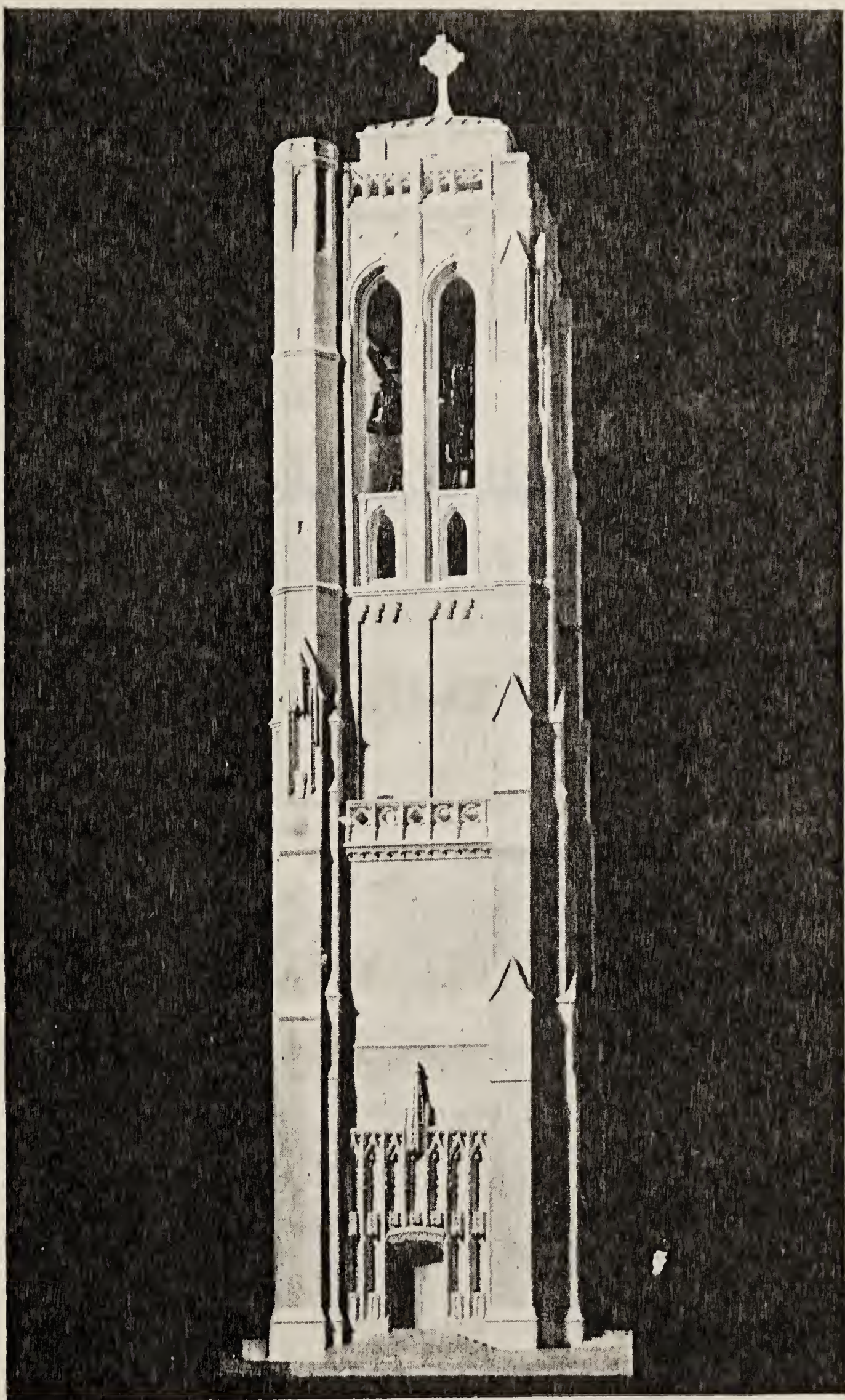
AN ACCOUNT OF THE CHIME BELLS
OF GRACE CATHEDRAL, SAN FRANCISCO
AND HOW THE BOYHOOD DREAMS OF
DR. NATHANIEL T. COULSON
AT LAST CAME TRUE

BY
ROSA LEE ^oBALDWIN

SAN FRANCISCO • CALIFORNIA
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NORTH TOWER OF GRACE CATHEDRAL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Rec'd Sept 7-1978

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DESIGNED BY WILDER BENTLEY

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PROPHECY

March 22nd, 1937

As I visualize into the future on my cherished trips across the Bay; as we near the City of San Francisco, I can see the steepled mass of Grace Cathedral, long and high, rise into a cloudless blue. I gaze insatiably at such a soul-soothing sight, in the waning, wasting afternoon; the invisible ether which feels the voices of the chimes far aloft on the broad perpendicular field of the cathedral tower. May it linger and nestle and abide, as it loves to do!

ROSA LEE BALDWIN

VOTIVE FRAGMENTS

"May this biography bring joy into the heart of many an orphan and help him make a place in the world equal to that of "Tommy, the Bodmin Workhouse Boy."

THE AUTHOR

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."
"She was a tender white Birch Tree. Her mate
The stalwart Oak Tree, stood proudly at her side.
Secluded in a sylvan glen, they leaned and kissed—
I swear."

I dreamed of a Sunday afternoon's stroll through Golden Gate Park, while the efficient Park Band and the Park's aviary birds chorus sang. Grace Community Cathedral's popular hymn-playing Chime Bells rang, and yet, so softly, they whispered to me that "God's love was there."

FOREWORD

BLOOD will tell in humans as well as in animals. But in humans, and especially in the English, family tradition has a tremendous influence in determining the part an individual is to play in his public relations. Nor can this impulse of blood or tradition be destroyed by the weakness of one or more links in the ancestral chain.

Starting life as a half orphan, and neglected and abandoned in infancy by a retrograde father, the chance of Nathaniel Thomas Coulson succeeding and being of service as a public benefactor must have seemed extremely remote. Only an indomitable will in a sound body could have overcome the innumerable obstacles in his road to success. When financial success came he felt the strong call to public service. Not until he had amassed his first fortune by shrewdness, prudence and self-denial did he become aware of the fact that Edward Colston, a member of the same general family, was still remembered as the great benefactor of Bristol, England. He has had great pride in this and also in the fact that his mother was descended from the family of Sir Thomas Bodley, who founded and endowed the great Bodleian Library of Oxford University, of which all English scholars are so proud.

His first difficult steps from poverty and ignorance to education and independence seem to have resulted from the bitter resentment of a strong confident personality against conditions not normal to it. Even the perfect security of the British Navy, to which he owed much and in which he had a record of perfect service, did not satisfy his ambition, and he willingly paid his savings of years to secure his honorable discharge.

The determination and self-denial, not to mention the push, with which he slowly accumulated a competence were the result of his inherent strength of character and his reaction against bitter poverty and its social reactions when he was a child. In this he had for years as his ideal the income of one pound or five dollars a day which, as a boy, he had been told was the income of a prosperous landlord where he worked as an apprentice farm boy. When that ambition had been achieved his determination to set still higher goals of financial success overcame the influence of his dearest friend and chief advisor, Edwin M. Armstrong, who urged him to take it easy and enjoy life. But wealth, once achieved, his ambitions were far from satisfied. The spirit of Edward Colston, the still revered benefactor of Bristol, and

that of the great Bodley were in his veins, and while still practicing self-denial, he poured out a stream of benefactions, mostly to the city and institutions of his unhappy childhood. In the course of decades the direction of this stream of service has become his one great interest. In this, as in building his fortune, he has been slow in his decisions and tenacious in his purposes.

For example, his gift of a great carillon of bells to Grace Episcopalian Cathedral at San Francisco may be assumed by many as the result of the sudden impulse of an old man, but the records show that for more than thirty years he has been in correspondence with, and has been visiting bell founders, with the determination to reproduce the music of distant church bells which thrilled him as a farmer boy in England.

This excellent biography of Nathaniel Thomas Coulson should thrill anyone interested in the struggle of the human spirit against adversity. It shows that the real joy of life is in the struggle and in public service, and not in just having or spending money. Each reader who has had the good fortune to have been obliged to overcome obstacles will also be able to read much of interest between the lines.

The donation of the north tower, the "singing tower," and its carillon of bells, will keep the memory of Dr. Nathaniel Thomas Coulson and his struggles and benefactions fresh in the memory of Californians for generations to come.

GEORGE E. CROTHERS.

MY PHILOSOPHY

I AM A VERY busy man; although supposed to be a back number and taking life easy.

Frequently kind friends have viciously snapped at me, saying: "What are you going to do with all your money? Your church and children's playground hobbies are all the 'bunk.' Why not share with the unlucky, distressed, hungry mortals?"—which, of course, includes themselves, with great appetites and meager pocketbooks. I calmly reply: "I am living this life myself and it has taken me scores of years to shape my career to date; am a slow thinker and unfortunately cannot immediately grasp your inspired eloquent advice of a few moment's thinking."

DR. NATHANIEL T. COULSON.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The author is grateful to
Doctor Nathaniel T. Coulson
for authentic data contained
in this biographical sketch.

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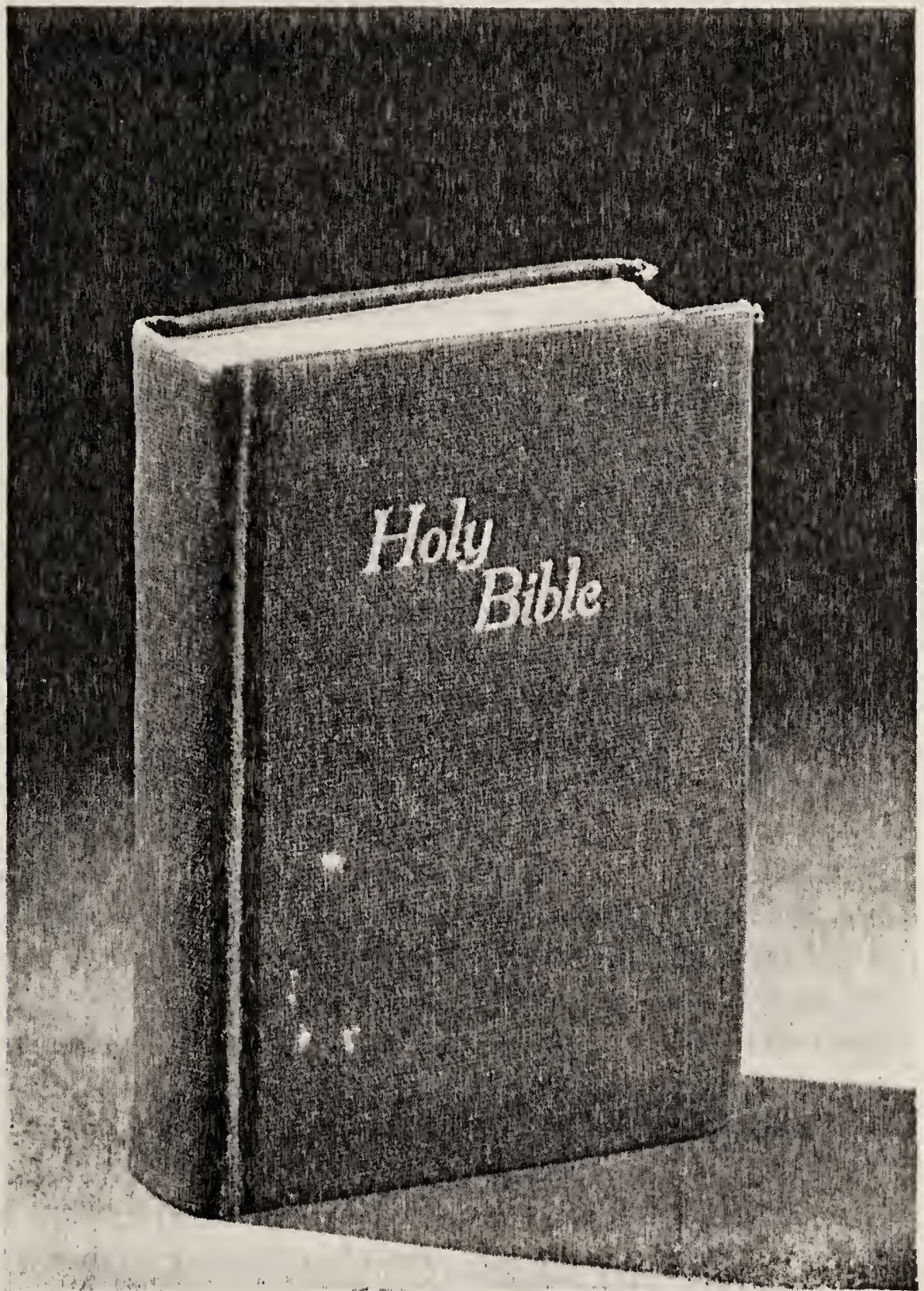
I

WORKHOUSE AT BODMIN, CORNWALL.
[DR. COULSON'S CHILDHOOD HOME]



II

PENQUITE FARM HOUSE, LANLIVERY PARISH
[A SCENE FROM DR. COULSON'S BOYHOOD]



III

DR. COULSON'S "TENPENNY" BIBLE—A LIFELONG COMPANION

YOUTH

FRIENDS, let us deviate a bit from our usual trend of life, to follow the way that leads to old San Francisco—a city on the broad shores of the purple Pacific by the Golden Gate, where we shared in the prosperity of pioneer days along with miners, prospectors, traders and seafaring men, whose joys and amusements knew no bounds: to be cast with the multitude in that maelstrom of sorrow and sadness, privation, hunger and suffering during fire and earthquake days; only to emerge in a few short years for a grand and glorious future.

We see a young man about twenty-two years of age who had just arrived on a cattle-train from the East, walking along the street footsore and weary. With heavy heart, he timidly asks a stranger to direct him to an English church, whereupon the stranger points the way to old Grace Cathedral standing high and beckoning from the hill. Entering, the lonely pilgrim bows and prays, spending some time in quiet meditation, planning for his future, but supplicating his Creator to show him the way and guide him in the many vicissitudes of the future which he knows lie before him. Feeling somewhat relieved in mind and soul he rises to go, when suddenly he notices there are no bells or chimes to peal glad tidings on the cool, refreshing air. Right then and there he makes a resolution to consecrate his life to God and His symbols. A beautiful thought comes to him, the nucleus of a plan which had its inception at this moment. Perhaps he could make a gift of joyful chimes to this friendly old haven where he had just sought refuge for a grieved and stricken soul—should fortune ever smile on him—thus sending forth a pealing glory to a cold and thoughtless world, in sheer gratitude for a soothing, comforting solace to a lonely wanderer in search of succor in a strange land.

The scene changes: it is many years later. The writer returns to the city by the Golden Gate. Old San Francisco has risen to be “Queen of the Pacific;” with her wonderful new buildings towering skyward; palatial homes among entrancing garden settings; magnificent parks and pleasure grounds for all the people to enjoy; numberless huge factories and other various industries to employ her multitudes of working citizens; beautiful theatres; civic buildings; and hotels of greatest grandeur. Surely she has risen to invite the whole world to join her in celebration of the most magnificent bridge in the entire universe. . . .

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We meet our pilgrim of many years ago. He is a kind and friendly person who extends his hand in greeting as he motions us to a seat in his cosy inviting sitting-room whose windows look out upon a beautiful garden, and further to a marine view of the Golden Gate and vast expanse of the Pacific. A countenance mellowed with age, but whose soft blue eyes have the same youthful twinkle, brightens with an ethereal glow as we refer to the days of long ago. Immediately he ponders a few moments; becomes reminiscent and relates the true story of his life—a life so full of unusual happenings and varied experiences that it reads like a fairy tale.

Dr. Nathaniel T. Coulson, great benefactor and subject of this sketch, was born in Penzance, County of Cornwall, England, August 8, 1853. A frail little mother, unable to withstand the abuse of a brutal husband, passed away when her baby, Nathaniel, was eleven months old, the youngest of three children. Deserted by an intemperate, thriftless father when the youngest was six years old, the children were sent to Plymouth workhouse—or orphanage as it would be called in our country—where he remained eleven months. He was then transferred to Bodmin, County of Cornwall.

Here the little lad endeared himself to all other inmates, as well as attendants, by his sweet, sunny disposition and his willingness to help his little friends out of any difficulty of which he was capable. Always in his accustomed place in chapel school he became gifted in divine teachings; but his child's heart was broken when, one Sunday while the Sunday School children were rehearsing hymns for a Midsummer Festival in Lostwithiel Methodist Church, Tommy appeared in his Bodmin uniform (which all orphans who lived in the institution were required to wear). Other town boys and girls refused to sit next to him. Making no demonstration during service he noticed the organist, Miss Abigail Santo, taking in the situation, and there Tommy discerned a tear trickle down her cheeks. This little orphan had won her everlasting love and pity; for she, too, realized the many difficult obstacles in this little boy's future path, to be overcome before he reached his goal of life.

And so, everyday routine was just about the same until our lad was about ten years old, when it was seen that he was quite capable of doing a man's work, whereupon the institution apprenticed him to a Methodist farmer, Thomas Hoar, at Penquite Farm in the Parish of Lanlivery near Lostwithiel, for board and clothes. The clothing consisted of old, worn-out, cast-off clothes from an ancient store-room on the farm. A travelling tailor was engaged at one shilling (25c) per day and his meals. The choice portions of garments, coats, trousers, etc.,

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made a very presentable, Sunday-go-to-meeting and Sunday School suit, where impressive inculcations, viz., Truth, Temperance, Fair Play and Justice, were like bread cast on the waters of youth, to return again to be distributed during the autumn of life in happy, sunny California. However, Tommy was so proud of the new cap and Sunday suit that he obtained a half-day vacation to go to town and have his photograph taken.

His only capital on leaving Bodmin was a tenpenny Bible, gift of Mr. Truman, master of the institution. This little book was destined to become its owner's constant companion all through life. (The writer has had the pleasure very recently of holding this priceless treasure and reading a few chapters therein.) Dear little Book! could it but speak, what tales of adventure, no doubt, would be told; for it has been at sea with Dr. Coulson in all parts of the world—shared the same quarters with its owner in poverty and prosperity. The covers are somewhat dilapidated but the print is unimpaired. This scribe perceived a verse in the rear cover, written in Tommy's own hand. It reads as follows:—

“Steal not this book
For fear of shame,
For here you see
The owner's name.
And when you die
The Lord will say,
'Where is that book
You stole away?'
And if you say
You cannot tell,
The Lord will cast you
Down to Hell.”

1864 TOMMY (printed)

Here the lad remained for four years and two months, having been well trained during that time in the Methodist faith. The only money he received in wages was ten shillings as he was leaving the Farm. Early impression of the lad's thrift was seen when, by earning small tips for attending visitor's horses and running errands, he saved them until he had three shillings (75c) which he deposited in the First Penny Bank, established in Lostwithiel in 1866. Richard Foster, the president of the Bank, earnestly advised the plowboy to attend the Foster Free Night School to study and be somebody. His employers objected.

However, the orphan studied alone in a windowless, ancient hay-loft over a lanlivery, Cornwall, Penquite farm stable, on Viscount

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Clifden's estate, which was also a storeroom for abandoned, dilapidated books and family magazines for many years previous. The loft's entrance was by a "Jacob's ladder" nailed to the stable wall and ending in a manhole through the floor above. Here, with Keeper, the shepherd dog, as his constant companion, Tommy spent many fascinating hours, the memory of which was treasured for many years.

LIFE IN THE BRITISH NAVY

UPON leaving the Farm, Tommy went into the British Navy where he served five years and eight months. When he decided to join the Navy; Mrs. Rundle, Collkerrow Farm; Geach Barn Gate Farm; Messrs. Lanxon, John, Robert, Joseph and Henry Nicholls, Penquite neighboring farms, and others, including his Sunday School teachers, unanimously thought he was making the mistake of his young life by quitting the farm and going to sea; and furthermore said, "Time will tell."

Even his good, sympathetic employer the late Mr. Thomas Hoar (1864-9) Penquite Farm, Lanlivery Parish, Lostwithiel, spent many hours saying "Tommy, you are too much of a day-dreamer and you'll never amount to a pinch of snuff as a farmer or anything else." Thus we observe, even at that tender age, the developing of a strong, determined, self-thinking mind which was destined to prove itself a master power in years to come. The lad had an early understanding (intuition) of what a farmer's life meant for him in the future; inborn genius asserted itself and he eagerly resolved to find a way to climb the ladder of success, scale the top if possible. As the Navy seemed to be the only feasible step forward at the time he readily grasped the opportunity to serve his country as a sailor lad. Glittering uniforms of the officers to inspire them, swords clashing on inspection day when the Commodore came on board. Life in the British Navy was varied, being full of diverse experiences, some of which were commendable, while others were disheartening—a detriment to the boy's future welfare, so to speak.

On January 1, 1869, Tommy was taken on board H. M. S. *Impregnable* to begin training for first class seaman. There were over a thousand (1030) other boys in a common training under command of fifty officers. It was a fascinating life for the boys, especially in their first experience aboard ship. They set sail from Devonport Harbor where the *Impregnable* was anchored. Tommy remained on this training ship eighteen months. The sea was a mighty expanse of water, weather bracing. On board ship boys were classed by their excellency in apt learning of seamanship. First class boys received tenpence (18c) per day, while second class boys were given sixpence (12c) per day. Certain rules and routine governed their daily lives. On Wednesday afternoons the ship anchored a quarter mile from shore. As the time

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came for shore leave, when each deserving boy's name was called, he was handed three pence (6c) pocket money for three hours vacation.

As perfectly natural in a large group, there were boys of all classes to be found in training; rich boys, poor boys; some honest, given honors for their integrity, others always in mischief, invariably landing in the brig. There were the thrifty boys in common with the spend-thrifts. The city boys usually bought six glasses of beer with their allotment, while the farmer boys tried to be a bit saving. Our Tommy, born of a temperate thrifty mother, for instance, usually bought a stick of licorice for one cent and saved five cents for his penny bank.

When rules were disobeyed, young sailors were returned to ship, stripped of clothing from the waist upward and given twelve lashes as punishment, an ordeal which had its bearing on making better boys, for everyone dreaded that small birch broom when its blows brought blood; as the whole of the ship's officers and crew witnessed the punishment.

One day during the summer of 1870, while on board the training ship, the Captain gave a hurried call for all hands on deck, as Commodore Jones and officers in full uniform, swords at their sides, came on board ship. The boys, like rabbits, hid behind the larger ones and Tommy was no exception. Meanwhile, the Commodore singled out Tommy from the crowd and began asking him numerous questions concerning his knowledge of seamanship. Seizing him by the arm he asked him what was his station, to which Tommy replied: "The royal yard weather-brace."

"Young man, what would be the first thing you would do if a severe storm came up suddenly?"

Tommy replied without a moment's hesitation: "Well, sir," he began, with a salute to his master, "First I would let go the halyards, haul in the weather-brace, let go the lee-brace, keep fast the weather-brace, and haul up the clewline."

"And what for?" asked the Commodore.

"Sir, to keep the wind from the sails."

"And what would that be called?" asked the Commodore.

"Spilling the sails, sir," answered Tommy.

The smiling officer laughingly remarked: "This lad is destined for a great future!" Tommy was then dismissed.

Next day noon hour, after dinner was over, all hands were again ordered on deck. Commander Royce asked for Coulson. All at once the name "Coulson" echoed through the ranks. "Where's Coulson?" Finally, a little sailor-mate brought word that Coulson was ill, having run a rusty nail in his foot. Whereupon the Commander shook his

The Bells Shall Ring

head, with the remark, "Deuce of a bad foot, but a good head." A tall lad was then called forth to "box the compass" for which he received a half-crown.

The second Sunday of the month was dress inspection on H. M. S. *Impregnable*; when the officers marched around the deck. Commander Royce spied Tommy who was singled out for a word of praise with the remark from the Commander that the farmer lad was a smart sailor and would no doubt grow into a most successful man. He, too, was given a half-crown by the Commander.

Tommy, with several hundred other naval boys, was confirmed in the Devonport Royal Naval Dockyard Church by a Church of England Bishop. He was soon transferred to the H. S. C. *Vanguard* which was to be his berth for awhile. She traveled through the English Channel into the Bay of Biscay, stopping in port at Lisbon, Portugal and touching Spain.

Tommy was again transferred to H. M. S. *Research*, Captain, Hon. J. Ward, where they sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, Ionian Isles, and cast anchor within the walled seaport city of Peiraeus in Greece, just six miles from Athens; here they remained for six months. During their stay in this port, the Crown Prince of Greece was born in 1872 when there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom. George I was King of Greece from 1863 to 1913; he was the second son of King Christian I of Denmark. After the deposition of King Otto of Greece in 1862, the national parliament of Greece conferred the crown of that country on Prince William of Denmark, who ascended the throne as George I. He was married to Princess Olga, daughter of Grand Duke Constantine.

On their return to home port, the ship stopped at the Island of Pantelleria, where the English vessel H. M. S. *Lord Clyde* was wrecked on a reef. The *Research* responded to the rescue and the vessel was floated on March 17th, 1872. Pantelleria is a small island in the Mediterranean Sea, between Sicily and Africa, belonging to the Province of Trapani, Sicily. It is of volcanic origin and has an extinct crater 2743 feet high, and several hot springs. The soil is fertile, producing grapes, olives, wheat and cotton. The population of the island is about ten thousand.

Coulson was now transferred to H. M. S. *Défense* which continued on her route through the Mediterranean, arriving at Plymouth, England, where Tommy was again transferred to H. M. S. *Adelaide*. In due time our sailor lad, who was becoming more proficient in every way, was placed aboard the *Black Prince* and set sail for Scotland, shipping up the River Clyde, twenty-two miles from Glasgow to

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Greenock, where Tommy was placed on H. M. S. *Flirt* which was a gun-boat, where he remained one year and six months. While in port Tommy joined the Good Templars—a pledge to which he remained steadfast throughout his life. He also took three degrees in Masonry, at St. John's Lodge, No. 175, of Freemasons. Tommy was only nineteen when he assumed these honors; the required age having been twenty-one, but being a first-class seaman, also excellent in manhood generally, he was allowed as an exception the honors bestowed upon him.

Coulson was now transferred to a passenger boat, and soon set sail again for Plymouth, England, stopping at Belfast and Waterford, Ireland, arriving at their destination where Tommy was once more transferred to the Gunner Ship H. M. S. *Cambridge*.

Before completion of his term for graduation, Tommy grew restless, eager to get ahead faster in his youth, so after much pleading with and persuasion of his officers, he was allowed to purchase his discharge for twelve pounds (\$60) from H. M. S. *Cambridge*, at Devonport, August, 1874, after having served five years and eight months in the British Royal Navy.

III

THE QUEST

TOMMY then sailed as an immigrant for New York, getting off at Castle Garden. Soon he traveled further, to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where, in September, 1874, he became a clerk in a flour and grain business. Here social life among his fellow-citizens was freely enjoyed in the Methodist church where he soon made many good friends. After a few months of this experience, Tommy set to thinking seriously; he became ambitious for his future. Both his brother and sister had married and settled down to every day life. Tommy had heard of great opportunities and quick fortunes being made in the Golden West, so decided to take a try for himself. Consequently, in July of the following year, he entrained for San Francisco, third class on a cattle-train—"there being no fourth class."

Alone in San Francisco among strangers, Tommy began to ponder and plan what he should do for means of support when his eyes scanned the want ads in the newspaper. Selecting one which sounded probable, he answered it and soon was engaged as errand boy and all-around handy worker. Here he continued until the following spring when it became apparent that if the future was to be made more certain, a trip to New Zealand in search of his father was imperative, since Tommy was now of age and a small estate in England, under terms of a will, could be shared by himself and his sister and brother. Accordingly, July, 1875, found our boy on the high seas bound for adventure, business, and eager anticipation of a greeting from a parent of whom he had no recollection.

After an uneventful voyage, the trip was brought to an end at Auckland, New Zealand, September, 1875, where Tommy immediately sought the British Consul, before whom he laid his errand and implored aid in search for the itinerant parent. As the way of life often goes, many are doomed to disappointment of fondest hopes and expectations, and Tommy was no exception. Yes, Nat. T. Coulson located his parent, by whom he was finally spurned, after handing over fifty-fifty to his last cent, also most of his clothing—dutiful son that he was. The parent had drifted—wandered as a derelict—until all regard or interest for his family had disappeared, absorbed in the great oblivion, as it were. Crushed, heartbroken, the brave lad walked the streets, in rain-soaked clothing, despondent, not a care what became his fate, when suddenly the mind's reflection of a lovely pair of dainty

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blue eyes caused him to arouse, pull together exhausted broken nerves, and again turn to his old Alma Mater the Navy.

After examining his credentials, the commanding officer in charge of the Naval Training Station for Boys on the old missionary sailing vessel, the *Southern Cross*, decided that here was good assistance; so Tommy was enlisted right on the spot for six months service at twenty-five dollars a month, room and board, as naval training officer. Recognizing his proficiency the commanding officer placed him in charge of the city's incorrigibles on the training ship anchored six miles out from Auckland. Here our sailor had all sorts of unpleasant experiences, but succeeded in subduing the rebellious and making fairly competent seamen of them. In a year's stay Tommy had accomplished all he set out to do in this country and, desiring to see the South Sea Islands before his return to England, he resigned his position to become one of the crew of the missionary steamer *New Southern Cross* which cruised during summer months among the South Sea Islands, with missionaries of the English Episcopal Church. Bishop Selwyn was head of the mission. During the winter months the missionary headquarters were on Norfolk Island, where a Mission College was established to educate the native South Sea Islanders. Bishop Selwyn, senior, father of Bishop Selwyn, junior, of 1876, had succeeded the late Bishop Patterson who was massacred by the Solomon Island cannibals. Captain Bongard was in command of the steamer *Southern Cross* in 1876 while Coulson was one of the crew. In September, 1876, Coulson embarked on an English sailing ship, bound for London, England, via Cape Horn—a ninety-six days trip.

It soon happened that the negro cook sensed the kind disposition of his shipmate, for dainty morsels of food found their way to his plate; other favors as well; even offered Coulson his room when the boat docked at London, November, 1876. A letter from Penzance awaited his arrival, from his English relatives, begging him not to ask any favors as it would be impossible for them to render any assistance. Forward came the old negro cook to his rescue. "Jus' tell 'em, Massa Tommy, you came wid no help; jus' guess you can leave da same way."

Soon, with the help of the old negro cook, he began to get his bearings, for the old city had changed much since his childhood. As soon as kinsfolk and acquaintances realized they were not besieged for charity, all began to offer different means of hospitality. So, for the next six months, Thomas Coulson was a guest of the Vicar of Mayland Parish, County of Essex, near Maldon town. Here he became quite popular with the young folks, giving interesting lectures of his travels (a born trait); and had become a splendid dancer, hornpipe and other

The Bells Shall Ring

fancy steps, besides a cotillion leader, which accomplishment won the ladies' favor instantly.

December, 1876.

PARISH OF MAYLAND, near TOWN OF MALDON, COUNTY OF ESSEX, ENGLAND MAYLAND—COMIC ENTERTAINMENT

"On Thursday evening last, the new Board School was used for the first time for a public entertainment given by Mr. N. T. Coulson of San Francisco, California, U.S.A., who was assisted by Mr. G. Northcott, late of Her Majesty's Service. An extended and amusing programme, admirably suited to the taste of a rural audience was carried out in a manner which elicited frequent applause. The audience numbered upwards of two hundred people. The characters assumed were cleverly sustained. The Rev. Carus Wilson presided and in introducing Mr. Coulson as a great traveller, observed that, among other places, he had visited the Cannibal Islands (in the environment of Australia and New Zealand) but had fortunately escaped demolition. (laughter) Mr. Coulson's delineations of character are exceedingly graphic and his terpsichorean undertakings were rendered with extraordinary activity. In his "Joe Muggins" he was most facetious, and Mr. Northcott was an able coadjutor. At the close a cordial vote of thanks was awarded to the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, and to those who had taken part in the entertainment. Notwithstanding the small charge for admission the sum realized amounted to nearly three pounds,—which will be added to the fund for defraying the cost of a new fence for the Board School.

January, 1877.

MAYLAND ENTERTAINMENT

On Wednesday evening the schoolroom was crowded by an appreciative audience to listen to a light, humorous, and laughter-provoking entertainment given by Mr. Nat T. Coulson, a gentleman whose talents and varied skill makes him peculiarly adapted for interesting and diverting an assembly.

The chair was occupied by Mr. T. D. F. Tatham, J.P., and there were also present the Vicar (Rev. W. Carus Wilson), Mrs. Tatham, Mrs. Milligan, the Misses Milligan, Miss Julia Curtis, Mr. John Solly, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. John Page, Mr. Harvey Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. James Witney, Mrs. and Miss Golland, Mr. and Miss Prior, Miss Wright, Miss Jay, etc., etc.

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The programme contained sixteen items, all of which more or less tried the risible faculties of the audience; but "The Highland Fling" in Scotch costume; "Polly, make Room for your Auntie," and "Don't Wake the Baby," were of themselves a complete divertisement, and created roars of laughter.

Mr. Northcott rendered Mr. Coulson useful assistance, while Mr. Fiddler Bun furnished the accompaniment to several 'jigs, reels, and flings.' The chairman, at the conclusion of the entertainment, spoke in warm terms of commendation of the ability and services rendered by Mr. Coulson and called for three cheers, which were heartily given and genially acknowledged by Mr. Coulson.

The proceeds were devoted to the School Fence Fund.

We hear that the managers of the school at Southminster have placed the school at the disposal of the Vicar of Mayland and Mr. Coulson for an entertainment in the future.

Creeksea, Maldon, Essex, England.
February, 1877.

CREEKSEA ENTERTAINMENT

On Wednesday evening an entertainment in aid of the fund for the restoration of the Parish Church was given at the schoolroom by Mr. Nat T. Coulson, who is staying in the neighborhood as the guest of Rev. W. Carus Wilson.

An amusing programme was rendered with much tact and ability. The different characters assumed afforded great satisfaction to the villagers, for whom the entertainment was chiefly intended.

The room was well filled, and at the close Mr. Coulson was heartily cheered and a vote of thanks unanimously awarded him.

Parish of Mayland, Essex.
April, 1877.

On Wednesday evening last a third Comic Entertainment was given in the schoolroom by Mr. N. T. Coulson, who was again assisted by Mr. George Northcott, in aid of the fund for defraying the cost of a new fence for the school premises.

There was a crowded audience, over whom Mr. F. D. F. Tatham presided. The programme, with a few exceptions, was similar to that of the previous occasion, and its execution again secured warm approbation.

The Bells Shall Ring

The sum realized was four pounds ten shillings and threepence. Cheers were given for those who had taken part in the proceedings.

Southminster, Maldon, Essex.

May 23rd, 1877.

ENTERTAINMENT

On Wednesday evening a comic entertainment was given in the National Schoolroom by Mr. N. T. Coulson, who was ably assisted by Mr. D. Hawkins, junior, of Burnham.

The program was similar to that carried out recently at Creeksea and Mayland, and the proceeds will be given to some useful object. There was a good attendance.

Tommy had come to London primarily on business, to settle the small estate awaiting division. After sending his sister and brother their portions, he had about twenty pounds, or one hundred dollars, left for himself, which sum had to pay for his return passage to the States—for Tom was a true son of his adopted country, the United States.

EARLY LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO

TOMMY embarked third class, leaving England in June, 1877, bound for San Francisco, arriving at his home port in July, 1877, broke, but determined to make a new start and get an education. He had experienced just enough of life to realize that if he intended to climb the ladder of prosperity he had to have more knowledge; competition was too keen. To add to an already difficult situation, he had lost every dollar saved to date, 1877, by the failure of the Pioneer Bank in San Francisco.

It so happened that a printer, Walter N. Brunt, took him in and helped him secure the position of stock and bond clerk with Cahill and Company, a large brokerage concern at California and Montgomery Streets. Can it be a propitious omen? For Tommy's home at California and Stockton Streets, when he first worshipped in 1875, was at this time across the street from Old Grace Cathedral located at the southwest corner of California and Stockton Streets. The slogan of this young man had always been "Grasp the opportunity" and he certainly now recognized his opportunity.

In addition to his bond work, reporting on several newspapers, together with anything worth while, helped to provide privileges of night school at the old Lincoln School. Notwithstanding his early struggle, we find that Tommy had saved sufficient money to forward a sum to his old home in Essex, England, the larger part to be distributed among the poor cottagers, the residue to be applied to the purchase of cake and other good things for the children of the Parish School, Christmas, 1877.

Always on the alert to better his condition, through the advice of friends, favoring his learning a profession, for safer progress up the ladder of success, Nat T. Coulson entered the University of California in 1880, where, by hard work and study, he elbowed his way "up the ladder" to graduation with the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery, D.D.S. In 1885, the graduation took place in San Francisco on November 10th, in the Grand Opera House on Mission Street, between Third and Fourth. A Regent of the University of California presented the diplomas to the graduates, all seated on the stage of the Opera House.

A lucrative practice of dentistry was established in San Francisco by this ambitious young doctor. An example of his punctuality in all matters is gleaned from the following: An appointment had been

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made for dental work and the hour set for six o'clock. It so happened that the patient was detained and did not reach the doctor's office until 6:20 P.M. After an offering of apology by the patient, the doctor handed him the following: "Young man, are you not aware that an appointment carries responsibility, not to be shirked nor avoided, and that punctuality is the making of an individual or of a business."

We also find that the subject of this sketch became an American citizen in 1880, casting his first vote for President James Garfield. Thus a most desirable citizen showed appreciation for help and friendliness in the land of his adoption—a home under the protection of the "Stars and Stripes," one of whose great churches was destined later to receive a gift, the crowning point of this English boy's life. The happy, solitary, Utopian castles built in Luxulyan's neighboring verdant meadows (but castles which were destined to eventually surpass the most sanguine expectations) together with a congenial sailor's life on the Clyde, free from worry, anger and haste, the three great foes of longevity, built up a robust constitution that resists "the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

Doctor Coulson joined Fidelity Lodge number 222 I. O. O. F., in 1887, and Templar Rebekah number 19 the following year. He was a director of the Union League Club and treasurer of the Liberty Club, a political organization.

Strict attention to business, economy, proficiency and a most pleasing personality, were the assets with which Dr. Nat T. Coulson became a very successful business man in a few years. His memory was ever fresh of his needy early associates in far away England; a thought which prompted his sending financial aid to those less fortunate, just as early in his profession as possible, irrespective of race or creed. We find there were 115 smiling faces at the Roman Catholic School in Penzance one morning when the scholars, through the kindness of Dr. Coulson of San Francisco, were presented with toys and sixpences by Mr. W. H. Coulson, cousin of the doctor.

Rabbi Levy's wife of San Francisco, born at Penzance, Dr. Coulson's birthplace, was made very happy by the liberal gift of Dr. Coulson, defraying her hotel expenses in Lostwithiel where she visited on her journey to the home of her childhood.

For several years the old Howard Street Methodist Church was the religious home of our subject. He was librarian and assisted in the social affairs of the parish for many years. In fact, it was thought a certain young lady had caused Cupid to cast a dart in his direction—but, alas, his romance in life was in doing for others, helping the down-trodden and lowly.



IV

DR. COULSON AS A FARMER'S BOY
[TAKEN IN HIS FOURTEENTH YEAR]



V

DR. COULSON AS A SAILOR LAD IN THE BRITISH ROYAL NAVY
[TAKEN PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, 1869]

The Bells Shall Ring

From early activities, his has been a busy life. Competent, trustworthy, work soon became sufficiently pressing to warrant the exclusion of the telephone. Dental quarters, with most artistic furnishings, were his daily home for many years. In his reception room, the color scheme was carried out in gold and white. Two lovely skins, a leopard and a bear, adorned the main rug. The dentistry parlors themselves were replete with every convenience; divided from the reception room by a beautiful colored panel.

The doctor himself became younger, as success and the realization of his hopes and plans began to seem possible. He was always fond of collecting scrapbooks, especially of childhood scenes, such as Lostwithiel, clippings from the "Guardian" and "Mercury," Plymouth, and other western papers which contained news of particular interest to Dr. Coulson. A goodly number were to be found in his reception room.

In 1900, after fifteen successful years, a justly earned vacation trip was taken. In May he joined a party of sixty-two tourists who left New York for a trip around the world; Alaska in the north, around Cape Horn in the south, New Zealand in the west, Europe in the east. He visited Gibraltar, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, British Isles, with the objective point England.

Arriving in the Bodmin district, childhood's home, one of his first visits was to the United Methodist Church in Lostwithiel, where his old Sunday School teacher and preacher (1865-1869) presided at the lesson hour, making his old Bodmin student chairman. With a hatful of silver sixpenny pieces, Dr. Coulson passed out one to each of the 145 children attending (even sent one to a sick child unable to attend). It was a great day for Dr. Nat T. Coulson in company with Charles Thomas Trevail, his old correspondent and foreign manager. His old Sunday School Bible classmate of 1865, 1866, 1867, and 1868, Mr. Albert Heayns, had died alone and friendless in Bodmin; but soon a neat headstone was erected on his resting place in Lostwithiel Cemetery. Need we tell the donor's name? Thus we hear of his many, many gifts and remembrances.. Even children wrote him of their pleasure and enjoyment of his benefactions.

In addition to many visits to familiar spots on his native heath was the pilgrimage to Shakespeare's birthplace, where Dr. Nat T. Coulson's name was engraved in the poet's register, June 19th, 1900. Very few leave the grave of the ploughboy poet, Burns, without dropping a tear. Thus "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The "Big Ha" Bible, having passed out of the Burns descendant's possession, Dr. Nat T. Coulson instructed his friend, Hedley Hoar of

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Dawlish, England, to obtain, if possible, the book at his (the doctor's) expense, for Luxulyan Institute, Captain Agar Robarts Memorial Library, as a reminder of boyhood hours, also of his early manhood days on board the H. M. S. *Black Prince*, stationed on the Clyde off Greenock, Scotland, in the vicinity of the Ayr River, poet Robert Burns' birthplace.

A most memorable trip was made by Dr. Coulson to the Bodleian Library, Oxford University, England, founded in 1602 by Sir Thomas Bodley of Exeter, England, kin of Mrs. Mary Bodley Coulson, our great benefactor's mother. Dr. Coulson's mother was buried in an unmarked, unknown grave in the old Berry Tower Cemetery, in the Bodmin district. She died in June, 1854.

A brief sketch of the life of Sir Thomas Bodley will be found under "Bodley Lineage." (See Appendix C.)

Dr. Nat T. Coulson's extreme fondness for books, together with an extraordinary passion for learning, is illustrated in the following anecdote: As a stranger, years ago, in New York City, he stood at a street stall reading some very attractive old book, lost in a brown study and worldly forgetfulness, and would probably have read on to the end of the last chapter, had not the vendor of published wisdom offered, in a satirical way, to bring him out a chair. "Take a chair, sir; you must be tired!" and the Bodmin workhouse boy surely was. But the chair was not forthcoming.

"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW"

Back from his homeland journey, work was resumed in the dental office with the same old vim and rigid economy, for many more wonderful acts of kindness and generosity were planned for childhood playmates and home town, and ready cash must be accumulated to carry out the benefactions. One of the finest schemes noted in those early years was the idea of a pleasure park, to be enjoyed by neighborhood children. A piece of land, a part of the common moor, bounded on one side by the river Fowey and on the other by the Great Western Railway was selected. Formerly it was nothing more than a rubbish heap, but upon seeing a foreign citizen so interested in the scenes of his youth, the Town Council gave some attention to the place and soon it was green and inviting with grass and trees. Our estimable Doctor offered to give one hundred pounds (\$500.00) for the purpose of further improving the land, stipulating that provision should be made for the children. Through his friend Mr. Hedley Hoar of Dawlish he sent an instalment of forty pounds (\$200.00).

In 1902 a Coulson family reunion was held in Indiana, consisting of over one hundred persons claiming the Coulson "tree." A wonderful

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time was had, ending in "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?" Upon his return to San Francisco, Dr. Coulson wrote a letter to a member, suggesting that each Coulson contribute twenty-five cents toward the purchase of trees for a memorial park. The prompt reply very much chagrined the doctor, for in it the writer suggested that if any member had twenty-five cents remaining after paying taxes and trying to farm in a drought year, he had better use it toward purchasing knives and forks for use at the annual picnics of that family. The always charitable doctor immediately replied, in the manner of sending many pieces of cutlery, all silver plated, stamped with the Coulson monogram, for the annual Coulson reunion of 1914—a generous gift indeed!

EARTHQUAKE—WAR

A DISASTROUS jolt came to all our donor's plans, charitable and otherwise, when on the morning of April 18th, 1906, San Francisco was visited by the worst calamity in its history. This great disaster is best described in Dr. Coulson's own words:

"On the morning of the earthquake, about half past five o'clock, I was sitting on the edge of my bed, preparing to rise for the day, when suddenly the building of five stories trembled like a leaf, and the street wall of the top floor close to my bed parted from the roof, portions of it falling completely into the street below. A second shock or tremble, threw a large wardrobe, in which my clothes were hung, across the bed. Mirrors, pictures, clocks, bric-a-brac, became detached from the walls and were deposited in the room. I rushed out in the hallway to obtain help to raise my wardrobe in order that I might dress for the street, and encountered men and women, terrified, like myself, shouting, screaming, swearing, and rushing around like rats caught in a trap. On descending to the street, after being attired, my attention was directed to an immense wooden structure, a hotel (the Brunswick Hotel, Sixth and Mission Streets) of about a hundred and fifty rooms, completely collapsed on account of weak foundations and all ablaze, with flames flashing in all directions. Just imagine the upper floor of a four story building crushed to the lower floor, annihilating the second and third stories beyond resemblance, and not one of the two hundred surprised inhabitants having an opportunity of escape, but burnt to death without any assistance being offered. Even if it were, the attempted rescue would be in vain. Within a short period the fire raged unchecked, carrying with it house after house, street after street, including my residence, office building, my entire properties, leaving but ashes in its wake.

"The swift, cruel, and relentless destroyer swept churches, mansions and cottages; in fact, trampling under its apparent feet all who dared to oppose its progress. The earthquake took place on Wednesday morning, and last night (Sunday) is the first night since the catastrophe that I have slept with my clothes off."

Dr. Coulson's entire fortune was swept away overnight, as it were; the accumulation from the day of his birth, August 8th, 1853, to the 18th of April, 1906, as well as leaving him thousands of dollars in debt, resulting from being loaded with heavy mortgages on land, and un-

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able to collect fire insurance on his buildings (mostly flats), some insurance companies claiming it was "an act of God" and they (the insurance agents) were not responsible. However, three years later, in 1909, at the age of fifty-six, with a clean slate, after clearing all indebtedness, our undaunted hero started again, pebble like, to elbow his way from the bottom rung of the ladder of aggressiveness; but he published a little brochure, finishing thus: "It will not be attributed to an unappreciative public if I fail to regain lost fortune—but simply I have had my day and lost my grip."

By 1907 he was able to send the balance of his promised donation of one hundred pounds (\$500) to the Lostwithiel parks, although the committee offered to refund his initial forty pounds (\$200), which the doctor stoutly refused to accept, urging them to proceed with the work, at the same time intimating that one day he hoped to send the remainder of the one hundred pounds (\$500)—and that time had now arrived.

A very interesting ceremony took place in April, 1907, when the Mayor of Lostwithiel opened what was to be known in the future as Coulson Park. A large crowd greeted the officials as they arrived for the dedication ceremony. The Mayor, amid cheers, said: "Doctor Coulson will receive the congratulations of the people of the district on his further generosity to the locality in which he spent his boyhood. These permanent memorials which Dr. Coulson is establishing are very fitting landmarks to a career which has much to commend itself. Starting with no advantages, starting, in fact, under a handicap, Doctor Coulson, by determination and grit, has made his way to a position of influence and affluence, and it is pleasing when we see men of his type, who have long ceased to have any personal association with the old country, remember the scenes of their boyhood." He then declared the Park open, and the Town Council called it Coulson Park. The Lostwithiel Brass Band played its most stirring airs and dancing was afterwards indulged in, together with delicious refreshments. A good time was had by all, and the generous donor made "history" and happiness for his many schoolmates of long ago.

Nor was that all of the kind benefactor's noble gifts. All in privacy he had previously given nine links to the Lostwithiel Mayoral chain, each gold link costing three guineas (\$5.75), which was founded during 1907 by the Mayor. Alderman R. Barclay Allardice also received a handsome addition—nine new links of 18-carat gold, which bore on the back the initials of the generous donor, Dr. Nat T. Coulson of San Francisco, California. The chain consisted of a central link and thirty-five swallows, its total cost being a hundred and fifty pounds.

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So we find our most noteworthy philanthropist engaged in numerous kind acts and donations, bringing joy to the hearts of others less fortunate. A recent contribution toward a wedding gift for his old friend Mr. Hedley Hoar, in which he helped the children in their gift to the worthy gentleman, for his being such splendid means of help for Coulson Park. These festivities occurred in August, 1908.

His next extensive project, as a gift towards the happiness and comfort of the people of Lostwithiel, was the offer of a gift, consisting of a footbridge across the Fowey River which flowed through Coulson Park. A few years ago, this land on the opposite shore was nothing but a waste. Now it is an extremely pretty spot, and this extensive strip of land across the river could be made very attractive. The land would be a very beautiful addition to the Park. They either had to swim or row across the river, or walk one and a half miles to get on the other side of it. "Madderly Moor" consisted of a dozen acres of invaluable land belonging unquestionably to the people of the town. The bridge would be a continuation of a scheme of improvement and it would be a great boon to the town. Dr. Nat Coulson at once advanced three hundred pounds (\$1500). A gentleman who took great interest in a town was likely to do a great deal more if well treated. The Town Council accepted his offer, thinking he would do more for the town. The bridge would also add to the beauty of the park.

Immediately there arose opposition to the Bridge by some prominent citizens; stating this proposition was "simply the whim of a gentleman in America." This objection only made Dr. Coulson more determined to carry it through. It is better to fail in working for the good of the good than to succeed in preventing any good being done. There is a certain amount of principle at stake—whether one gentleman is justified in taking a stand while a good many others wish to take the opposite course.

This objection started a thorough investigation and inquiry by the Aldermen, also the Mayor of Lostwithiel, also Board of Trade. The principal fault to find, if any, was the obstruction by the bridge of trade up the river, barges and boats laden with light loads. The Harbor Commissioners, principally interested in river navigation, were not so opposed as others. The Council, generally, was for the Bridge. Also the Lostwithiel Board of Trade sanctioned it. But a prominent citizen, a Mr. Richard I. Foster, for reasons of his own, steadfastly refused to sanction the Bridge. Prophesying all sorts of calamities visited upon the town if it accepted Dr. Coulson's offer, such as law-suits, etc., he went so far as to say that if the Council existed to spend

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other people's money and no money of their own to defend their rights, they should have them taken from them, for they were not worthy of them.

These latter remarks and objections raised by Mr. Foster concerning the erection of the footbridge across the Fowey River, thoroughly aroused the Danish blood of Dr. Coulson's ancestry and he came right back with the following reply:

"There are three kinds of men in every community; boosters, knockers, and dead ones. Those who have followed me in my earnest struggles with fate, step by step in my tragic career, would most assuredly consider me a 'dead one' if I refrained from defending my loyal friends who defended me.

"Bury the hatchet, eliminate politics, construct George V Coronation Bridge at once and unanimously call it our coronation tribute. Then celebrate the event with a rousing Barbecue in the people's park. As we are 'tenting on the old camp ground,' sitting around the camp-fire, smoking the pipe of peace, pipes lit from the blazing embers, roasting a whole ox (at my expense), a feast to which all neighbors are invited to participate in without a personal ticket, we will blend two flags together, and sing 'Crown Him Lord of All,' 'God Save the King' and the 'Star-spangled Banner.' "

And so we find Dr. Coulson unhesitatingly overcoming all thoughts of discouragement in his noble deeds of philanthropy and continuing his splendid work right along.

In August, 1915, he established an Emigration Fund for young men of the Bodmin and Lostwithiel district to avail themselves of means to come to America and secure work; after which the sum is returned (without interest) to help another lad. The Coulson War Fund was established October 1, 1915; started with ten pounds (\$50.00); regularly added to with twelve guineas (\$63.00). The Red Cross also was liberally remembered; funds to be used in the neighborhood of Lostwithiel and Bodmin.

We pause to breathe the fragrance of the primroses in Coulson Park. Flowers blooming along the walks, large expanse of lawn at measured intervals, children at play in healthy, beautiful surroundings. Surely "the desert blossomed as a rose"—all because one lonely person desired to scatter sunshine and love to those who might experience a tinge of sorrowful, unhappy childhood which was his as a youth in this same soil.

Cruel war takes its toll, but Dr. Nat T. Coulson certainly did his part in alleviating suffering among the distressed, and brightening sad hearts while their solders were defending homes and families

The Bells Shall Ring

Lostwithiel was remembered in the "War Turkey Fund" with fifty dollars, Christmas, 1917; also the Women's Soldiers' Comfort Society with another fifty dollars for comforts. The Lanlivery Parish Church was fortunate to receive thirty-eight pounds (\$150) toward installing a new heating system. Also there was a treat for wives and sweethearts of soldiers serving with the "colors," and further donations to the Red Cross, sanitariums, and the Private J. C. Finn Memorial Fund in Bodmin.

During the great World War, no person was allowed to board a ship at the San Francisco docks except on business, hence the following letter of appreciation:

San Francisco,
February 5th, 1918.

Hon. J. O. Davis,
Collector of Customs.

Sir:

Application is hereby made for a permit authorizing Dr. Nat T. Coulson to board the British bark "Ysabel" which is owned and operated by this company; giving assurance that the person herein designated is not an alien enemy of the United States.

Respectfully,

G. H. Scales, Ltd.

By: Scales Agency.

The San Francisco Examiner reported the arrival of the *Ysabel* in the harbor on February 3rd, 1918. Dr. Coulson's own words describe affectionately his visit to the boat:

"Immediately I boarded the *Ysabel*, formerly the *New Southern Cross*, missionary vessel (1876), I asked permission to visit the fore-castle berths (forepart of the ship under the main decks, quarters of the crew). I affectionately hugged my old berth of forty-two years previous. . . . Were it possible for the old *Southern Cross* to speak and compare the sailor lad of forty-two years previous and your correspondent of today, she might have seen more to admire in me then than now. The penniless sailor of 1876 or the landlubber of 1918! However, I called on Mr. Scales, representative of Scales & Company, Wellington, New Zealand. He was very tenderly impressed with my yearning to visit my dear, dear old home of forty-two years ago, more especially so when I offered by buy the *Ysabel* (*Southern Cross*) and present her, as she floated at the San Francisco anchorage, free of all incumbrance, to the San Francisco Ladies World War Red Cross Society, so that I could be near my old home. Mr. Scales said the *Ysabel*

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was not for sale (too valuable). I learned from the second mate that the *Ysabel* not only paid the total cost of the vessel repairs of storm damage at Honolulu, but paid one thousand pounds (\$5,000.00) profit over all expenses, on the one voyage from New Zealand to San Francisco."

The cruel war was over. All Lostwithiel joined in one of the most wonderful and happy celebrations ever known, July 25, 1919. A Public Thanksgiving Service was held in Coulson Park. Early morning bells of Saint Bartholomew rang out merry peals. The townspeople were hosts at a lovely luncheon for the "Service Boys." "All honor to our Boys!" was a toast duly rendered by many prominent persons of the day. The band played the national anthem, to which all sang in response. Thirty-two heroes had fallen, according to the records. Not to be saddened by cruel memories, the crowd joined in singing "For They are Jolly Good Fellows." The afternoon was given over to sports in Coulson Park. A pretty tea was given for the old people, children, and visitors, to be followed by a public tea in the late afternoon. Refreshments over, young and old alike joined in the Floral Dance, the band playing. At the conclusion one of the bandsmen started "The End of a Perfect Day" with his cornet, to which all joined in singing. "When united, the Lostwithiel folks know how to accomplish results," said Dr. Nat T. Coulson.

In his continuous generosity toward others, Dr. Nat T. Coulson next offered a hundred pounds (\$500) toward building a memorial to the lads who had given their lives at the front; also for the enjoyment and recreation of the boys of the village, in 1922. This was heartily approved by several other noble hearted citizens, among them Viscount Clifden. It was to be known as the "Agar Robarts (in memory of Captain Agar Robarts) New Luxulyan Institute."

In the meantime, the bridge across the Fowey River still remained unbuilt. A letter from Dr. Coulson to Major J. A. Beswarick and friends in Lostwithiel, stating he intended to visit his native heath four years hence, added; that he hoped the bridge would be built, so he could put a pot of gold in the center of it for those who went over to take a handful. (Laughter)

But disappointments were not long to follow in his wake, for we find that on September 19, 1924, the Luxulyan Institute opened free of debt (Dr. Coulson's wish). Viscount Clifden, father of the late Captain Agar Robarts, also a donor, unlocked the door; as he did so he mentioned Dr. Coulson whose generosity also had helped make this beautiful gift a possibility. Dr. Coulson had certainly been generous in his gifts to his native county of Cornwall. He had been suc-

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cessful in his career in America, but had never forgotten those at home.

A wonderful luncheon in the schoolroom followed. They toasted the King, the Duke of Cornwall and members of the royal family. It was also mentioned that Dr. Coulson had already contributed 100 pounds (\$500) for a library fund; also had promised a considerable number of books. A public tea followed in the Vicarage grounds. The Silver Bugle Band furnished music, and in the evening a series of folk dances took place by the Luxulyan and Lanlydeal teams.

"God Bless Luxulyan!"—Doctor Nat T. Coulson.

San Francisco, 1925.

Calendar Resolutions

"I'll not easily offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll try to mend,
And endure what can't be mended."

N. T. C.

February 14, 1925, a shower of children's postcards came from old friends across the sea. All thanked him for the New Year's Tea given on Lord Clifden's birthday (for which Dr. Coulson provided funds) also for the wonderful Institute in Luxulyan, the scene of his childhood and early youth. Among them were the following messages in verse:

"We are having a Tea
On New Year's Day,
Given by a Gentleman
Far, far away."

"We are hoping to have a grand old time,
To you the same is the wish of mine."

F. Parker.

"I wish you could be with us
On that bright day;
But I am afraid you can't come over
From far, far away."

Raymond Parker.

The school-children of Luxulyan were entertained at tea on New Year's Day through the kindness of Doctor Nat T. Coulson—followed by a Public Tea, with evening fireworks, New Year's, 1925.

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As a memorial to a saintly mother who had sacrificed her very life for her little ones, we find Tommy the orphan boy to be gifted with an inherent instinct and ability to help others, even when he had naught to give save love and kindness. In manhood again we learn of the myriads of good deeds and benefactions of various kinds which Doctor Nat T. Coulson has done for the land of his birth and early childhood.

From over the sea his old friends and associates write him, with pride, of Lostwithiel: Coulson Park with its bandstand, see-saws, swings: the Luxulyan Parish: Captain Honorable Agar Roberts Memorial Institute contributing toward Rural Libraries and not forgetting his old Bodmin Workhouse home: charities without number to needy private friends and families, especially the family of Captain Bongard in Auckland, New Zealand, who died over forty-two years ago, leaving a wife and eleven children not too well provided for financially.

Again the ever present memory of that blessed mother appeals to her son, who, in the lines of the famous Elegy, likens her lonely, forgotten life to a desert flower:

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

All of which beckons as a talisman to her boy to carry on, for he still has not reached his goal of life.

Dr. Nat T. Coulson, retiring from professional life April 15, 1925, continued an ever active interest in present day affairs, always intent on benefiting his community and his fellowmen; not forgetting his early home and associates in Lostwithiel.

It would seem that by a strange coincidence of circumstances, our beloved subject appears to have been very closely associated with the Episcopal faith, even as were his long line of noble, worthy, celebrated ancestors. Dr. Nat T. Coulson's great-grandfather, Richard Coulson, senior, donated large sums to St. Mary's Episcopal Church of Penzance, County of Cornwall, England; notwithstanding the doctor's father, Richard Carkeet Coulson (forcing his wife to do likewise) had joined the Roman Catholic Church in Penzance, to spite the Coulson members of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, he having been forbidden the use of the Coulson family pew; not having been recognized as a direct heir to the estate of his grandfather, Richard Coulson, senior, who died without a registered will.

The Bells Shall Ring

The Doctor's father, absent in Exeter, England, did not learn of the death of Richard Coulson, senior, March 29, 1846, his grandfather, until several months later. However, claiming that his grandfather's estate was entailed in descent to the eldest son for subsequent generations; (his own father, Richard Coulson, junior, died June 8, 1838, about four years before his grandfather) the first Sabbath after his arrival in Penzance, he proceeded to enter the Coulson family pew in St. Mary's Episcopal church. There were two policemen in the pew to prevent Richard Carkeet Coulson from entering. The next morning, in revenge for his real or imaginary wrongs, Richard Carkeet Coulson and wife joined the Roman Catholic Church in Penzance. When the son, Nathaniel T. Coulson, was born, he also was baptized in the Roman Catholic Church, Penzance, as the records show.

VI

IN SEARCH OF BELLS

SUCH a strange coincidence! At this very moment of my writing, the peal of Old Mission bells comes to me. They are bidding the swallows farewell and God-speed. Each year at a stated time (March 19) they arrive, immediately build their nests under the eaves of that sacred Mission, San Juan Capistrano, bordering on a beautiful garden, where a fountain lazily plays throughout the day, beckoning the little wanderers to quench their thirst and cleanse their plumage.

On another exact date each year (October 23) they leave their precious home for other climes to abide until another spring shall bring their return. Each year since 1776 when Father Junipero Serra arrived in Los Angeles have these little feathered visitors made their annual appearance on Saint Joseph's Day; departed on San Juan's (Saint John's) Day. Hark! The old bells are ringing, "farewell" music is ascending through the lofty corridors. These little missionaries of heaven are gone.

What is this strange lore, or silent worship of the bells? Do they recall to our devoted Samaritan some happy event in his childhood? Always the thought or search for bells seems uppermost in his mind. Perhaps they signify to him some especial event of great happiness, heretofore untold.

"The bells and chimes of motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from gray and wild tower,
A thousand years have tolled."

In May, 1928, Grace Cathedral held a church community drive in the San Francisco Civic Auditorium, with a seating capacity for thirty-two hundred people and standing room filled will hold fifteen thousand people, to raise funds to complete a four million dollar Grace Cathedral, in a block of land bounded by California Street on the south; Sacramento Street on the north; Jones Street on the west, and Taylor Street on the east, a gift from the Crocker family, after the San Francisco earthquake and fire which devastated old Grace Cathedral, California and Stockton Streets, as well as the palatial family home on the present site of the new Grace Cathedral.

It is interesting to note two marble plaques inserted in the front section of the altar of the present church, in memoriam from the orig-

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inal Grace Cathedral. Inscriptions on the marble pieces are as follows: the one, "After the earthquake, a fire, and after the fire, a still small voice." (I Kings xix:12); the other, "Therefore will I not fear, though the earth be moved and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea." (Psalms xlvii:2).

Interested members, also public spirited citizens, gave generously; among them, Dr. Nat T. Coulson, who made a gracious offer of \$25,000 for a set of chimes. The conditions were that he, Dr. Coulson, would install the bells as soon as the steel structural framing of the tower was erected. The next question was a tower in which to place the chimes. However, there being no money available in the Grace Cathedral treasury for steel frame tower construction, the Doctor offered to furnish an additional sum for the tower whose steel frame also cost him \$15,000.

Many prominent citizens thought the doctor was talking at random, but he is now showing them he means business. Will he reach his goal? With that ever-present Coulson trait, grit and determination uppermost in his mind, Dr. Nat T. Coulson, at his own expense, left San Francisco, August 1, 1928, on his quest for information concerning church towers and chime bells, that covered a greater part of the United States, especially the Eastern states, Havana, Cuba, Panama Canal and Panama, with a most courteous letter of introduction from Bishop Edward L. Parsons, as follows:—

The Bishop's Office,
The Diocesan House
1215 Sacramento Street,
San Francisco, California.
July 29, 1938.

To Whom it may Concern:

Dr. Nathaniel T. Coulson, the bearer of this letter, is the generous donor of a set of Chimes to be installed in Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, when the building is far enough advanced. He is now starting for a trip in the Eastern States and Cuba and hopes to visit a number of churches which have chimes.

This letter will commend him to the kind consideration of clergy and others whom he may desire to see in the interest of his generous purpose.

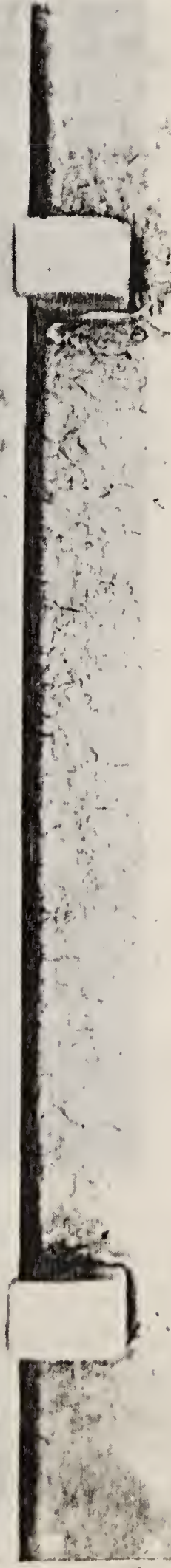
(Signed)

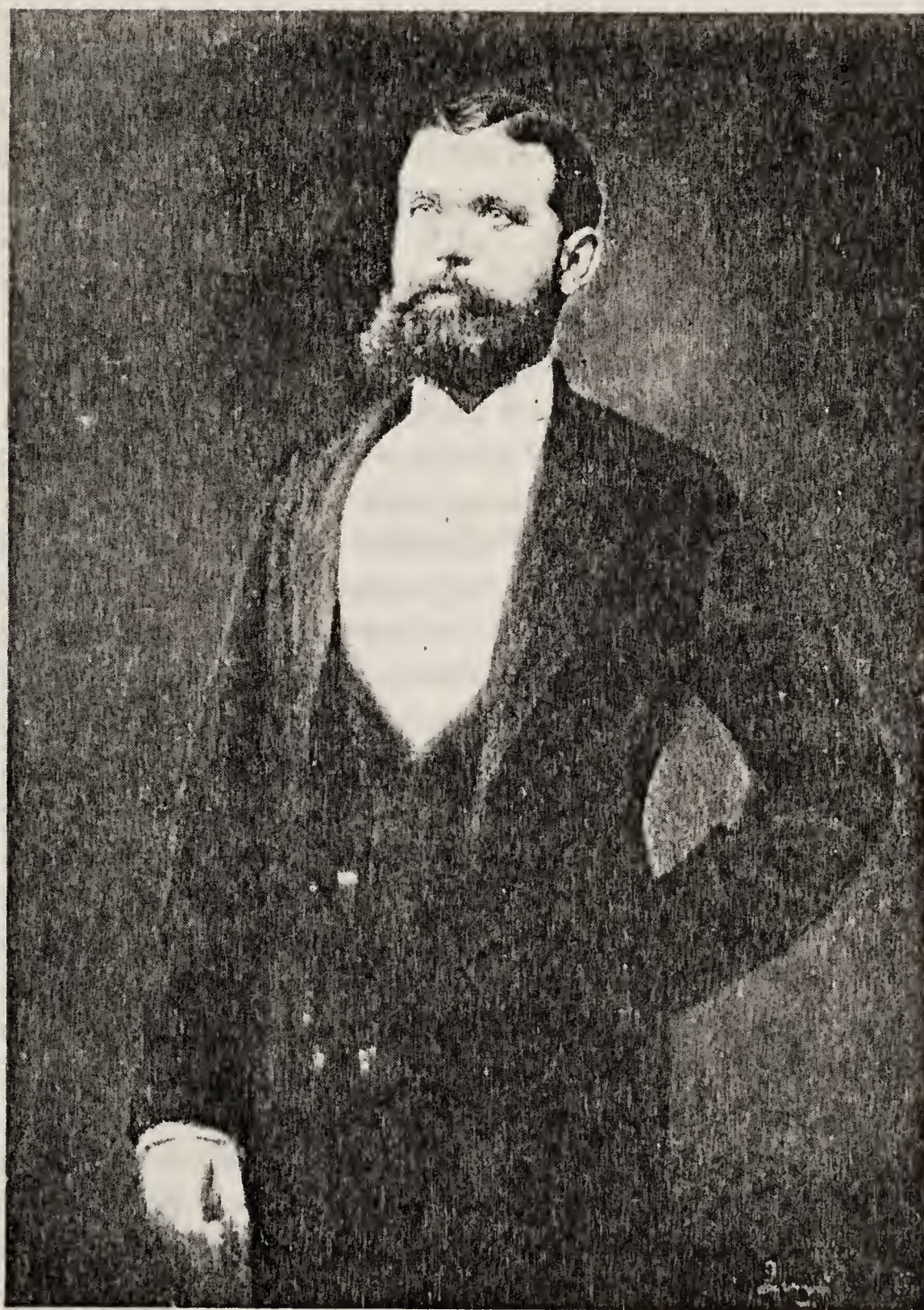
Edward L. Parsons,
Bishop of California.

A magnificent structure stands on the heights overlooking San Francisco Bay. Its lofty bell-tower, with its beacon light, will be a ray



PRESENTED BY DR NAT. T. COULSON OF SANFRAN
CISCO, U.S.A. AN OLD LOSTWITHIEL BOY, TO
COMMEMORATE THE SILVER JUBILEE OF H.M. KING
GEORGE V. AND H.M. QUEEN MARY, 1910-1935.
A.S. LIDDICOAT ESQ. MAYOR 1935. W. JEFFERY ESQ. MAYOR 1936.





VII
DR. COULSON IN 1898

The Bells Shall Ring

of hope to those in distress far out at sea. An account of that memorable journey is best expressed in the Doctor's own words:

"Leaving San Francisco, Wednesday, August 1st, I journeyed direct to the Yellowstone Park entrance, State of Montana, arriving on Friday morning, August 3rd, and lodged the first night at Camp 'Old Faithful,' in a cosy log cabin bungalow, so typical of the Park Lodge accommodation, with its unique wood stove in each cabin. After sunset the nights are quite cool, being at an elevation of 7500 to 8000 feet above sea level.

"Second day arrived at Yellowstone Lake and lodged in a Lake log cabin. Third day arrived at the Grand Canyon, where I spent the night. The fourth day arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs, and lodged in the same typical Yellowstone Park log cabin. Fifth day arrived at the starting point at West Yellowstone Station at 4:50 P.M. The National Park is open for guests from June 20th to September 26th. 1928 has been an unusually busy season in Yellowstone Park. The park's patronage has averaged five hundred arriving and leaving daily, in addition to hundreds of permanent summer vacationists. There was also a perfect sea of parked automobiles belonging to private parties.

"The Park's management is certainly to be complimented for the able manner in which every detail is carried out for the comfort of each guest. From the day a guest arrives, he is informed which automobile he is to occupy during the entire trip around the Park. At meal time, in the spacious log building dining-room of each camp, guests are informed at what hour their party is to have their valises and hand baggage packed and left in their cabins for transportation to the next camp. Punctual student porters, while the guests are in the dining-room, have the luggage labelled and on the platforms, and they also place the baggage on the stages; on arrival at the next camp, the baggage is on the new camp platform awaiting its owners.

"The question may naturally arise: What has Yellowstone Park got to do with bells? To which I modestly answer, Bishop Parsons' letter inferred that I was touring the Eastern States in the interest of bells; and the intelligent reader can readily imagine how eagerly the Park visitors, myself included, answered the camp meal bells. You can rest assured that the sound of the tiny dinner bell, manipulated by the refined hand of the handsome student waitresses, were heard for a greater distance than many of the bells hanging in some of the church towers I explored. The hundreds of waitresses and camp boys were composed of students from United States colleges, who have the privilege of not only rustivating in Yellowstone Park during the summer school and college vacations, but earn wages to help tide them

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over with their college tuition, clothing, etc. I understood there was a large waiting list of lady and gentleman students awaiting their chance to earn a free summer vacation in the Yellowstone Park. During the evening are entertainments and dancing programs; the students furnish the literary exercises and mingle with the guests.

"On reading a State of Ohio letter of the enclosed small trunk of picturesque bells, you may be interested to learn that Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Krout, of Tiffin, Ohio, were guests at the Yellowstone Park in August, and I had the honor of being assigned to their auto-stage bus during the entire five days' trip around the Yellowstone Park. Mrs. Krout's letter describes the Yellowstone Park's grandeur, as well as informs me that she is a leading promoter in the building of a new church and would like to share Grace Cathedral chime bell donations for an organ chime for this new church.

"You will be interested to read reports of chimes, namely: Church at Denver, Colorado: State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, Iowa: Chime letter from Seattle, Washington, and chime factory at Chicago, Illinois: Methodist Church chime in Indianapolis, Indiana: Congregational Church chime at Benton Harbor, Michigan: Trinity Episcopal Cathedral, Pittsburgh, Pa.: as well as other church chimes in Pennsylvania: St. John the Baptist Church chimes at Jersey City, New Jersey: Bells of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, State of New York: St. Patrick's Church (Roman Catholic) chimes, San Francisco, California: church chimes in Havana, Cuba: church bells in Panama City and Methodist chimes at San Diego, California, with the addition of Grace Cathedral chimes, which not only prove a welcome sound to residents of these various cities, but give joy and pleasure to their many visitors.

"On Saturday, September 8th, accompanied by hundred of cosmopolitan passengers, composed of many nationalities, including about a hundred and fifty sailors from the United States Navy, many of whom were being transported from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, and to far away China, the Panama Pacific liner, 65 feet wide, 616 feet long, 26,700-ton register, palatial steamer *Manchuria*, left New York for her usual fifty-five thousand mile cruise to San Francisco, via Cuba, Panama Canal and Panama City, including San Diego and Los Angeles, California.

"It was a glorious trip, for, on account of the heat, it was my extreme pleasure to be able to discard all excess clothing and loaf around and put in the time as best suited my fancy.

"The ship's officers and, in fact, all the employees were extremely courteous, especially the genial Captain Roberts who is always im-

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maculately attired in an official white uniform, which may also be said of the ship's officers. Notwithstanding the musical sound of the bells striking the half-hourly time day and night, they were certainly surpassed by the welcome meal gong, and without any reflection on the dainty appetites of the smiling and fascinating ladies on board the *Manchuria*, the belles somehow managed to beat the gentlemen to the choice meal tables, which were loaded with the choicest delicacies of the season. To add to our pleasure, the weather was delightful during our tropical cruise and it was our good fortune to escape the Florida hurricane and the Cuba tornadoes of August 15, 16 and 17.

"The residents of Havana were extremely polite and obliging, especially the Priest in charge of one church, Reverend Father Pablo Del Omo, who smiled graciously and seemed pleased as he read the popular Bishop Parsons' eloquent letter of introduction, and he immediately presented a photograph of the picturesque Spanish Catholic Church. Notwithstanding the fact that he was attired in a spotless white flannel cassock, with well fitting sleeves, a graceful white flannel cape over his shoulders and a white silk rope girdle around his waist, cleverly knotted in front with long artistic tassels falling below the knees, and wearing also an elegant ebony crucifix of rare workmanship, attached to a long black-beaded chain, he cordially declined to allot the task of following my bell-tower exploring to an assistant priest. He delayed the church mass, a solemn ceremony about to be performed, and gallantly led the way to the dusty belfry without hesitation, although immaculately clad as he was. From the belfry window he pointed out the First Presbyterian Church some miles away, and instructed the chauffeur to convey me to the church and Mission School with Miss Mary Alexandria, a native of North Carolina, U.S.A., the school principal in charge; who regretted the lack of funds to replenish a depleted library.

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"On arriving aboard the *Manchuria* from Havana, the ship's officers, including petty officers of the U. S. Navy, were stationed at the gangplank entrance to the upper deck of the ship to prevent Uncle Sam's sailors from smuggling liquor aboard. One jolly tar unblushingly carried a bottle in his hand; this was promptly confiscated by Captain Roberts and quickly thrown overboard. I will later graphically describe the jolly tar who drank too freely while on shore.

"Picturesquely perched above the hatchways, between the masts of the *Manchuria's* forward upper deck, adorned with a sign, was a swimming tank 'For the use of Tourists from 9 to 10:30 A.M.' First class Cabin Passengers from 10:30 to noon. Among the expert passengers plungers was an Olympic Games swimming champion.

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"Doubtless you are aware that our late historic progressive friend, ex-United States President Theodore Roosevelt, impulsively signed a contract while the Washington, D.C. Senate and Congressmen were quibbling about the cost and the pros and cons of the Panama Canal construction, ordered General Goethals to proceed to dig the canal, and smilingly told the United States Senate and Congress what he had done, and did not even offer an apology for his action. The digging of the Canal proved to be one of the greatest engineering feats in the world's history; especially since the famous Ferdinand De Lesseps, constructor of the renowned Suez Canal, lamentably failed in his task, to the great chagrin of the proud French nation. How the United States of America accomplished the stupendous engineering feat they could not comprehend.

"The entire route through the forty-three miles of canal locks was eagerly watched by the amazed passengers who crowded the ship's upper decks, looking over the rail, quite fascinated at the sight of the successful culmination of one of the greatest engineering undertakings in the history of the world. The automatic opening and closing of the canal's colossal lock gates, without any friction, was indeed a glorious sight and a never to be forgotten event in the lives of the passengers on the *Manchuria*, especially after the gates had closed and the water within the closed locks lifted 85 feet, at the rate of four feet per minute, while the amazed passengers wondered where the water came from, without even a bubble, as they certainly enjoyed the ship's elevation to heaven or skyward, and almost as quick as I write it in this log record, the ship passed on to the next lock; at the Pedro Miguel Locks, with a drop of 55 feet, followed by the Miraflores Locks, lowering the ship to the level of the Pacific Ocean.

"As the passengers espied the port of Panama City, they were unusually interested to observe scores of pretty girls and boys, of all ages, from two to blushing sixteen, standing in line, in military order on the pier, clad in picturesque bathing suits, each carrying a United States flag, which they waved, all together, in military fashion. As the *Manchuria* reached the pier and swung the gangplanks from the ship to the pier, the children vigorously sang the 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'My Own United States' and 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' as a handsome, athletic, smiling young lady gaily skipped down the gangplank. The singing was a home-coming greeting for a Panama-American resident and a water queen, returning with the trophies she had won at the four year Olympic Games. She was a Panama delegate this year to the Olympic Games Tournament held in Holland.

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"On landing at Panama I sped direct to the 230 year old church, San Juan, of New Panama, which is the custodian of a 300 year old Golden Altar of an old Panama church. I later made a hasty sketch of the Panama Cathedral during a ten minute swift tropical rain-storm. The crude sketch is in my modest collection, including a photograph of another church.

"Leaving the Panama Republic on Saturday evening, September 15th, homeward bound for sunny California, the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, we were suddenly electrified to read a radio dispatch of the awful tidings on the coast of Florida and Cuba, which our ship visited a few days earlier, and fortunately escaped the storm. On the following Sunday, as the *Manchuria's* church-bell summoned the passengers to the cabin social hall, those present faithfully participated in the beautiful Episcopal Church ritual and heartily joined in the Te Deum sentiment 'We praise Thee, O God.'

"During a concert and dancing program one evening after leaving one of the tropical Spanish cities, a sailor who had returned to the ship feeling very hilarious, persisted in dancing the Can-can along on the dancing floor of the upper deck, in the tourist department. A young petty officer invited other sailors to assist him in putting the dancer in the ship's brig (jail). The dancer did not readily forgive the petty officer and challenged him to box or fight it out. A ring was accordingly roped off in a sportsmanlike manner. The timekeeper utilized the *Manchuria's* famous meal gong for a bell. Bell tap (round one) the contestants, with regulation boxing gloves, sprang to the center of the ring. The aggrieved sailor threw discretion to the winds and immediately sailed into the petty officer, who had to dodge the fierce blows aimed at him. (Bell tapped; one minute rest.) Bell sounded for second round. The petty officer came back, sailing into his antagonist like a submarine chasing the maritime *Lusitania* and soaked him a solar plexus (blow) with such vigor that the *Manchuria* having a leaning toward the port (left) side of the ship, it seemed after the blow was struck in the midships of the receiver, there was a decided leaning to the starboard (right) side.

"During all this time there was intense excitement among the fair belles of the *Manchuria* and also among the entire crew and passengers. Both the cabin and tourist passengers were spectators. Captain Roberts was honored with a ringside seat and the other officers smilingly stood with folded arms, keenly enjoying the battle. Before the solar plexus receiver recovered his equilibrium, the deliverer rained blows all over his body and head—not unlike the charge of the famous Six Hundred or Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaclava. There were

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'cannon (hands) to right' and 'cannon (hands) to left' 'cannon (hands) to front, volleyed and thundered,' while there were very few left of the gallant Six Hundred.

"However, after the usual scheduled three minutes fierce fighting, the bell tapped for one minute's rest. Then the duel was declared a draw, to avoid any angry mix-up. The famous bell, or meal gong, was thereafter relegated to the dining-room, after participating in the greatest event of its entire career. The boxers smilingly shook hands, after staging a wonderful exhibition of the manly art, amid tremendous and prolonged applause. The *belles* declared it to be the greatest event of the voyage.

"In conclusion, I feel that the Grace Cathedral Building Fund and the writer are greatly indebted to the *Manchuria's* Purser's office for its kindness in supplying an unlimited supply of writing and drawing paper to your correspondent, and I would like, when the Cathedral Building Fund goes over the top, the Dollar Steamship Company, the new owners of the S. S. *Manchuria*, to consider us debtors and present a bill for value received.

I have the honor to remain,
Your most obedient servant,

Nathaniel Thomas Coulson.

VII

NUMEROUS ACTIVITIES—MESSAGES

BACK from his quest for bells for mighty Grace Cathedral chime tower, our donor was an exceedingly busy person; engaged in planning all sorts of improvements, benefits, wheresoever needed along his line of travel. One place in particular visited was the Mission School of the First Presbyterian Church in Havana, Cuba. Upon seeing that they were greatly in need of books, he bought a long list and immediately sent them to the school. We find him in communication with Captain Robert Dollar concerning the affair. The letters read as follows:—

714 Market Street,
San Francisco, California.
November 26, 1938.

Captain Robert Dollar,
311 California Street,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Captain Dollar:

I wrote to the San Francisco Theological Seminary and received the information desired from the Clerk of the Faculty previous to receiving your kind letter of November 12.

September 12th on my way back from New York to San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal I visited the Mission School of the First Presbyterian Church in Havana. I found that they were greatly in need of children's books and I have bought and am sending to this Mission School the books for children up to about twelve years of age, list enclosed.

Because of your interest in the Presbyterian Church and the fact that you are well known in the church as well as in Panama where you have had such close contact through your business connections, I should like to have your approval of this list, and I will have a tablet printed and pasted inside the front cover of each book, stating that the book was donated by myself and that the list is approved by you.

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If you are willing to give this approval, I should appreciate your returning to me the enclosed blank with your signed approval. You may keep the enclosed list of the books being given to the Presbyterian Mission School at Havana.

Very truly yours,

Nat T. Coulson,

Enc.

Robert Dollar Steamship Line
Robert Dollar Building,
San Francisco, California.

Dr. Nat T. Coulson,
741 Market Street,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Sir:

I have looked over the list which you sent me and it will be a splendid thing if you are able to finance it and send it on. I regret that at the present time I am loaded beyond my capacity.

Thanking you for the interest that you are taking and with kind regards,

Yours very truly,
(Signed)

Robert Dollar.

On January 3rd, 1929, Dr. Nat T. Coulson received a cablegram of thanks from the Presbyterian Mission, Havana, Cuba, for the books sent to the Presbyterian Mission School, at the same time asking him to contribute to a tower and chime-bells for their new church. "A church for all who have no church home." Incidentally, Dr. Coulson returned at a later date, October, 1934, while touring the world from San Francisco, accompanied by Reverend and Mrs. Canoles (Dr. Canoles was then a pastor of Captain Robert Dollar Presbyterian Church at San Rafael, California) to find all the books sold, save a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Gratitude?

During 1929 the world depression upset financial conditions. Bishop E. L. Parsons said. "We have done our part; now let future generations, after the year 2000, complete the Grace Cathedral." Dean J. W. Gresham coincided with the Bishop. However, Dr. Coulson, not to be defeated, hoping to see the "Bells" installed in his lifetime (there being no money available in the Grace Cathedral Treasury for steel frame tower construction) decided to build the steel structural framing of the Grace Cathedral North Tower himself.

On March 27th, 1930, a letter came to Dr. Coulson from his old

The Bells Shall Ring

friends Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Armstrong who were visiting in "Tommy's" boyhood home at Lostwithiel, England, telling him of familiar spots they were exploring, only to find true all that had been told them concerning his early life, numerous gifts and kind deeds. They saw the mayoralty chain of Lostwithiel, nine links having been given by Dr. Coulson, as you have already read. They visited Penquite Farm; saw the lettering "Thomas N. Coulson, Penquite Farm, Nov. 13, 1864, to Jan. 1st, 1869," on the Delabrook slate two-inch stone, carved with a crude knife in front of a manger in the cattle barn. Also they were taken to visit Bodmin Workhouse, Mansion House, Berry Tower Cemetery, had especial interest as Dr. Nat T. Coulson's mother was buried south of the Tower in an unmarked grave, June, 1854, as previously stated.

A visit was made to Lanhydrock Art Gallery and Library; attended Bodmin Church. Charles Thomas Trevail, our splendid benefactor's old correspondent and foreign manager, showed the distinguished visitors every courtesy. They returned with greater affection than before for their old friend, Dr. Coulson, when it really impressed them closest to the heart; when they viewed with their own eyes the many, many wonderful deeds of kindness, also charity, performed with the means and instructions of "Tommy" the Bodmin Workhouse boy.

On November 10th, 1930, our noble philanthropist received a letter from Mr. C. A. Withington (1122 California Street, San Francisco, executive of the Grace Cathedral Building Fund), asking him to complete his donation to the tower and bells then and have them play to inspire the advancement of the Cathedral building program. But this Benefactor does not rush impetuously into any project until he is sure of the outcome. While the wonderful tower and bells may seem a bit slow in materializing, rest assured the sweet chimes will be there to ring out a welcome to our World's Exposition in 1939—also waft sweet notes of God's love and many blessings on the cool salt air; when they may be imbued in the hearts of thousands of visitors and citizens of our glorious city by the Golden Gate.

As a criterion for youth, agility, keen human interest spirit which the doctor continues to exercise throughout his life, is an instance of a visit made to the doctor on June 15, 1932, in San Francisco by an old friend, Mr. James Lobb, of Waitahuna, Otago, New Zealand. Dr. Nat T. Coulson informed his friend that he was well over seventy years of age; handed him a photograph of himself, when they met. It showed the doctor looking as young as ever. The two spent quite a happy time together.

Yes, this marvelous personage has led a most active, almost envi-

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able life, we might say, throughout his career. Entering into a reasonable amount of social activities, we hear of his squiring the ladies to numerous parties; attending Grand Balls, in full dress, at the Palace Hotel—for the doctor always has been, from his early youth, a splendid dancer; member of the Union League Club of San Francisco, enjoying all its privileges and pastimes.

Rising in the early morn, just when the sun begins to climb the adjacent hills—a familiar figure astride a horse, could be seen cantering along the bridle paths of Golden Gate Park. Romance, yes, a-plenty, for surely so splendid a personality attracted admirers. For instance, note the wit and poetry of his distinguished nature from the following lines sent to a fair lady on St. Valentine's Day:—

“From the bells of Grace Cathedral
Comes my message ringing true;
Of all the belles, you are the most beautiful,
Come and get me, rascal you!”

Still we find our beloved character intent on joy for others; when in his eightieth year he presented to the folks on Pine Street, San Francisco, on June 18, 1934, a lovely sun-dial, installed on the spacious lawn with the following inscription:—

“May the coming hour overflow with joy!”

Accompanying the gift were the following lines written by the doctor:

“You are the Folks I'm glad to know,
You are the Folks that cheer me so;
Whatever of joy or woe I miss,
In the 'Pine Street House' I'm sure of this;
I equally value your friendship true,
And wish there were more in the world like you.”

A billiard table for a quiet game with an old pal soon followed, and an enchanting organ was added to the cosy little chapel enjoyed by the Folks of Pine Street. In the shadow of Grace Cathedral, sun just setting o'er distant hills; crimson light flooding the chapel through lovely stained glass windows; we hear solemn organ tones, on Sunday evenings, whisper through the aisle; as Gospel hymns are sung. After thirty minutes playing the sacred organ notes hush themselves. Could we but read the thoughts of a certain beloved worshipper, at this very moment, no doubt our hearts would overflow with emotion.

VIII

'ROUND THE WORLD

AGAIN, endowed with good health, leisure, with means for travel, our "Globe Trotter" is off for another trip around the world; sailing from San Francisco aboard the *President Garfield* July 6th, 1934; with the Orient his first objective. As the Doctor is a most versatile narrator, it is more interesting to hear the account of that memorable trip in his own words, as follows:—

"And today the broad Pacific
Can boast no finer sight
Than the phoenix risen city
That glows in the sunset light."

ROUND THE WORLD

26,441 sea miles; visit in 21 ports in 14 different countries.

THE ORIENT

We left California, July 6, 1934.

Our route to the Orient from San Francisco was via the Hawaiian Islands; Honolulu, on the Island of Oahu, our first port of call. Visitors usually find it thrilling to watch the splendor of the tropical dawn as the ship makes her way into the harbor after passing Diamond Head, and listen to the soft music of the Royal Hawaiian Orchestra, and the assembled native residents and friends adorned with variegated neck garlands of lei, and school-children waving American flags and singing the "Star Spangled Banner" as our ship the *President Garfield* approached the harbor. We visited the Pali pineapple fields, cane sugar plantations, surf-board riding, and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. The genial Captain H. F. Lafrenz, U.S.A., nephew of Mrs. F. Kelb of San Francisco, met us at the hotel and entertained us in princely style, also courteously drove us around the island until the *President Garfield* sailed for Japan at 6 P.M.

JAPAN: We landed at Kobe and traveled forty-six miles to Kyoto. We visited many shrines and temples. For over a thousand years Kyoto was the capital of Japan. Kyoto is the fine art city of Japan. Rice fields; buffalo were working in the rice fields and tea plantations were seen. Japan's population is 64,474,724; yearly increase 850,000. We sailed through the Inland Sea, passed the place where Admiral Togo sank the Russian Fleet in 1905. In Japan, men take precedence over

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women in all things. A man is served first at meals; on entering or leaving a room he precedes the woman. He walks ahead in the street. He would not think of offering his seat in a crowded tramcar to an elderly woman, even though she might be carrying a baby on her back and a bundle in her hands; yet Japanese courtesy is proverbial.

CHINA: We land in Shanghai, China. Exact population of China is unknown. Eighteen thousand people are afloat on sampans (boats, about twenty-five feet long and four and a half feet wide) on the Whangpoo River. Shanghai is the Paris of the Orient. Many Europeans live there. Many native Shanghai Chinese are living and sleeping in the streets and along banks of river. Population of Shanghai is estimated at over three million, making it the fifth largest city of the world, and the largest city east of Berlin or west of Chicago. The Chinese are the world's greatest potters and have produced the most beautiful and valuable porcelain known. Chinese history claims the credit of the invention of silk. Chinese artisans are excellent carvers; ivory is one of their favorite materials. Hongkong, China, is a British Colony. We drove around the Island to Repulse Bay and the stately hotels. Hongkong is the headquarters of the British naval forces in China; considerable European and Indian troops are also there.

MANILA: Manila is an American possession. Manila is the Pearl of the Orient, and commercial center of the Far East. We visited the old walled city and many churches; also famous shopping districts. May 1, 1898, Commodore George Dewey entered this Bay and destroyed ten vessels—the Spanish Fleet. The Treaty of Paris, signed in 1899, terminated the war.

MALAY STRAITS

SINGAPORE: "The Crossroads of the World."

Population mostly Chinese. The Island has 250 miles of excellent roads. We visited Raffles Museum, Botanical Gardens where the young folks heartily enjoyed the antics of a colony of monkeys—especially a mother who held a cute little baby monkey to her breast with one arm, and strenuously with her other arm leaped from tree to tree, regardless of distance or height.

A colossal bronze statue in front of Town Hall, inscribed:—

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES TO WHOSE FORESIGHT AND GENIUS SINGAPORE OWES HER EXISTENCE AND PROSPERITY: WAS UNVEILED FEBRUARY 6, 1919, ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THIS SETTLEMENT.

PENANG: "Tin City of the World." Drove around the Island. Went to Snake Temple and Botanical Gardens. Band was playing in

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Park: Band leader a Scotchman and balance of the band were Germans.

CEYLON ISLAND

COLOMBO: Great seaport of the world. We drove to Kandy—Temple of the Buddha's Sacred Tooth, also elephants bathing place; tropical gardens, spice trees, bamboo trees, cocoanut groves: laborers plowing rice-fields in water up to their waists with buffalo.

INDIA

BOMBAY: "Gateway of India." Crescent shaped harbor. Drove about city to Towers of Silence (Parsee burial) where vultures devour a corpse in fifteen minutes. Dead body is placed below a grating and so fixed that the bones fall into a receptacle below. Hindu burning ghat; Hanging gardens: Malabo Hill: religious fanatic sitting on spikes.

RED SEA: Red Sea entrance at Aden. We passed Mount Sinai—very jagged. Length of Red Sea 1400 miles, 230 miles wide.

SUEZ: Arrived at Suez September 2nd at 8 P.M. At 11 P.M. we started to cross the desert on a cold night; 98 miles to Cairo. We disembarked at Cairo on the 2nd and embarked on the Steamship *President Polk* September 18th to continue our 'Round the World Tour from Alexandria, Egypt.

EGYPT

CAIRO: Visited Pyramids of Giza, and Sphinx. We rode on camels and had our photograph taken in front of Cheops Pyramid, area of which is thirteen acres: height 450 feet; 92,000,000 cubic feet of stone was utilized. Visited Cairo Museum in which were treasures from Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb; also visited famous Mosque. Napoleon first fired a cannon to destroy the temple. The cannon ball lodged in the wall and is pointed out as a unique relic.

LUXOR: Visited Temple of Karnak, Avenue of Sphinxes, and crossed River Nile by boat to Thebes, to the tombs of the Kings and Queens, Ramesseum, Colossi of Memnon, and Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen.

PALESTINE

JERUSALEM: Stayed at King David's Hotel. Visited Y. M. C. A., a two million dollar gift of James N. Jarvie, Montcalm, New Jersey, U. S. A. Thirty-five toned bells, gift of Miss F. G. Jarvie, Gloucester, Mass. Visited Holy Sepulchre, King David's Street, Mosque of Omar, Pilate's Judgment Hall, Mount Zion, David's Tomb, Jew's Wailing Wall, Garden of Gethsemane, Mount of Olives, Kedron Valley, Da-

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mascus Gate, (General Allenby's entry on foot). For the Kaiser of Germany to enter Jerusalem on horseback a pathway was cut through the Wall of Jerusalem. We went to Bethany, Bethlehem, Jericho, Hebron, River Jordan and Dead Sea; with bare feet waded into Dead Sea and tasted the water. We also went to the Mount of the Temptation. Out of Jericho flows Elijah's Fountain: Shepherd's Field at Bethlehem, Rachel's Tomb, Road to Bethlehem; camels, donkeys, goats. Houses built of stone. Olive trees, also orange groves and vineyards are abundant.

ITALY

NAPLES: Beautiful harbor. Drive around city. Pompeii: an excursion to Amalfi and a not-forgotten scenic drive to Sorrento. National Museum: Vesuvius, smoking mountain.

GENOA: Home of Columbus: beautiful statue of Columbus. Handsomest cemetery in the world; fortunes have been exhausted in magnificent marble family tombs and lofty marble monuments.

FRANCE

MARSEILLES: This city is the Southern Gateway of France. Arch of Triumph: Seamen's Church. The port pilot of Marseilles boarded our steamer *President Polk* close to the famous Chateau d'If, built 1515-1547. The great Alexander Dumas popularized the Chateau in his novel *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Marseilles is the chief port of France and the fifth port of the world.

AMERICA

BOSTON: The Rev. Dr. John J. and Mrs. Canoles, present pastor of the San Rafael Presbyterian Church, Marin County, California, approximately eighteen miles air line distance from San Francisco, with whom the writer practically shared many of the joys and sorrows, afloat and ashore, of the steamers *President Garfield* and *President Polk*, passengers of 'Round the World Dollar Steamship Liners. Started from the Statler Hotel, Boston, October 12th, 1934. Among the three score places visited were: Graves of Paul Revere, Samuel Adams, James Otis; site of building where Jenny Lind first sang in New England, U. S. A.; Bunker Hill Monument, 298 steps (no elevator); U. S. Navy Yard; old Warship *Constitution*; "Old Ironsides"; Christ Church (Old North Church); the Eastside of Boston; Identical house of Paul Revere, 1770-1800; Faneuil Hall, Cradle of Liberty: Site of Boston Massacre, 1770. Building from which started the "Boston Tea Party," Harvard University, the home of J. R. Lowell; Radcliffe College (Helen Keller graduated); Home of Longfellow; site

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where Longfellow "stood on bridge at midnight" and got his inspiration for poem; homes of Louisa May Alcott, Emerson, and Hawthorne, etc..

NEW YORK: We hail New York City, a proud metropolis of the U. S. A. It needs no introduction to the whole world. Your modest writer considered it a great privilege to be permitted to land in Castle Garden, New York, as an English immigrant. I journeyed overland to San Francisco a third class passenger, because there was no fourth or fifth passenger list.

HAVANA, CUBA: (The third time in my life.) The approach to Havana is magnificent. We first sight the Highlands on our port side as we approached the scene of the disaster of February 15th, 1898, when the United States ship *Maine* was blown up. The Government of Cuba erected a monument on the Malecon in memory of the 266 naval men who lost their lives. The Capital building was erected at a cost of eighteen million dollars. This city of 600,000 is noted for the courtesy and hospitality of its inhabitants.

PANAMA CANAL: At daylight, Friday, October 26th, 1934, the steamer *President Polk* entered the Harbor of Colon and at eight o'clock we were in the Gatun Lock, the first lock of the Panama Canal to connect vessels to voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Prior to Panama Canal construction the journey was by way of the Straits of Magellan: the distance of 13,135 nautical miles between New York and San Francisco has been reduced to 5262 miles by the Canal; the saving is 7873 miles, or three-fifths. From the first lock, the steamer *President Polk* with all her passengers was elevated 85 feet above sea level and entered Gatun Lake. We finally passed through the East Locks and are on the New Panama City side of the Canal. At Old Panama we inspected the ruins of the Cathedral and site of the city which was destroyed by Morgan and his buccaneers in 1671.

CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES: Arrived here on Sunday, November 4, 1934. A small village, founded by Felipe de Neya in 1781, flourished to become the City of Los Angeles with a population of 1,238,018; (census of 1930).

SAN FRANCISCO: As our ship steams through the Golden Gate we are able to appreciate the fact that San Francisco possesses one of the greatest natural harbors in the world. Notwithstanding one of the greatest financial depressions in history, the optimistic, progressive citizens of San Francisco and environs are constructing a \$35,000,000 bridge across the Golden Gate entrance to the harbor, one mile across

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from San Francisco to Marin County: also an \$85,000,000 bridge across the six mile Bay between San Francisco and Oakland—and a \$4,000,000 Grace Episcopal Cathedral.

“There’s joy in sailing outward
Though we leave upon the pier,
With faces grieved and wistful,
Our very dearest dear;
A thrill of keenest pleasure
That is elevating—grand—
When the friend of another day
We meet in a foreign land;
But the keenest, keenest pleasure
Untouched by any pain,
Is when we take the dashing four-in-hand,
To catch the homeland train.”

Nathaniel Thomas Coulson.



VIII

DR. COULSON AS A REFUGEE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE, APRIL 18, 1906

[SEVENTH FIGURE FROM THE RIGHT]



IX

DR. COULSON STANDING ON THE RUINS OF HIS TWENTY-FOUR FLATS [TAKEN AFTER THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE IN 1906]

IX

ORIENT—SOUTH SEAS

HOME, and dear familiar faces again! What joy comes to the traveler to be greeted with a warm welcome when returning from a journey to far away lands! The genial Doctor soon regained his usual daily routine, entered into the customary life around him. Gay, agile as ever; one gay "young" couple (Dr. Coulson and Mrs. Francesca Kelb) in colonial costume, danced the old-fashioned *varsouvienne* at a Christmas Festival on December 20th, 1934, to the extreme delight of all those present.

But alas! Homeland was to claim that "Old Salt" but a few short weeks, for he was soon off again. Sailing from San Francisco, January 16, 1935, on the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, R.M.S. *Makura*. Enthusiastic friends visited the vessel, inspecting the interior, including Dr. Coulson's cabin; and later, assembled on the pier, gleefully bidding him *bon voyage* as the steamer nosed out, turned toward the Golden Gate on a memorable trip to New Zealand, Australia and the South Sea Islands.

On January 24, 1935, while at sea near Tahiti on the steamer *Makura*, a Fancy Dress Dance and Dinner Party was held in the vessel's dining-hall. It was a rather quiet party until genial passenger Dr. Nat T. Coulson arrived half an hour late (for dinner), attired in a neat sailor costume with a natty sailor hat perched on his head. Greeted with a sailor's hornpipe dance music, he slowly advanced to the center of the dining-hall. Receiving a great ovation, he danced the sailor's hornpipe, which was hailed with tremendous applause. A lady and gentleman impulsively rushed toward the dancer and kissed him, amid great hand-clapping and cheers. However, it seems as though bedlam had spontaneously turned loose, surpassing the hilarity of the Paris "Moulin Rouge" which our dancer visited years ago in France. The merriment, with dancing, continued until 4 A.M. of the 25th, but the sailor retired before 8:45 P.M. to his cabin; his customary nightly routine.

Next morning the *Makura's* genial stewardess said: "Oh my! What a gay party you started last night and how they shouted when, in reply to applause, you blew kisses to the overflowing audience, as I caught one."

January 26, 1935. Sailing into the semi-tropical seas, Dr. Coulson says: "Here the voyage may rightly be said to have begun. One has

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become acquainted with one's fellow passengers. Deck games, bridge, chess, horse-racing, moving pictures, salt-water swimming tank on the upper deck, etc. Pleasant chats and long strolls, eight and a half times around the spacious decks complete one mile; these make the days pass quickly. Evenings bring dancing and enjoyable musical and other entertainments. Through it all, those who wish may loaf and rest to heart's desire. Such is life on the modern steamer, truly a floating hotel.

"After some ten delightful, all-too-short days at sea, the tall mountain peaks of Tahiti rise out of the sea, dead ahead, and we know that the first stage of our journey is over. Soon the vessel is gliding through a channel in the barrier reef which guards the beautiful harbor of Papeete, and has come to wharf in the very shadow of Tahiti's lofty, verdure-clad mountains.

"Papeete itself, capital of the far-flung French possessions in Polynesia, is a gay, cosmopolitan town of about five thousand inhabitants. From the harbor it appears half hidden in a thick wood of scarlet-flowered, flamboyant trees, through which may be seen an occasional red-roofed house. Native craft throng the harbor, welcoming the steamer, *Makura*, with great bunches and garlands of gorgeous blossoms, typical of this lovely tropic isle.

"From the quaint little town itself many delightful short trips may be taken while your vessel is in port. Among these may be mentioned a drive through the vanilla plantations for which Tahiti is famous, to Papara, or to Point Venus. Another interesting and beautiful trip is that around the island, a distance of seventy-two miles by road. A trip by canoe out over the coral reef to view the gorgeous submarine gardens, is another memorable adventure.

"The Traveler was favored with an eloquent note of introduction to Mr. Charles (Carl) Curtis, the wealthy owner of a famous cocoanut plantation, eight miles from Papeete, Tahiti. Mr. Curtis and family were on a vacation in France. Mr. Mersman, American Vice-Consul of Tahiti, is the custodian of the Curtis mansion and estate during the absence of the owners. As Mr. Mersman, being a very busy gentleman, could not practically leave his Papeete office during professional hours, he courteously delegated his chauffeur to drive us to the Curtis mansion.

"It was certainly a panoramic view of unexcelled grandeur, through a tropical maze. The eight-mile drive traverses a veritable land of beauty and sunshine in an Eden-like atmospheric climate. Flowers of many unusual varieties abound. We passed through picturesque native villages with red-roofed cabins, surrounded with noisy throngs of

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happy-faced children, each the smiling owner of a pet dog. We passed also cocoanut groves, banana and orange groves.

"Mrs. Mersman, the handsome, stately, blue-eyed wife of the U. S. Vice-Consul, an ideal, courteous hostess, dismissed the chauffeur and personally drove us back to the *Makura*, along the rocky scenic shores of the bay where bright-plumed birds flashed their radiance across the verdure and the sea-fowl rested placidly.

"Vice-Consul and Mrs. Mersman loitered on the wharf and bade us *bon voyage* to Rarotonga, as the *Makura* cast off her wharf moorings, and we gratefully promised to mail pictorial cards of our never-to-be-forgotten trip of the South Sea Islands until we returned to San Francisco, via Auckland, Suva, Fiji, and Hawaiian Islands, from Sydney, Australia, during April, 1935.

January 29th, 1935, found us at Rarotonga, Cook Islands. One and a half days after leaving Papeete the island of Rarotonga is reached and the ship anchors off reef-enclosed and colorful Avanna in the shadow of purple Ikurangi. Swift launches and native craft take passengers ashore through a gap in the reef, and a new adventure in beauty begins. The break of water over the reef makes soothing music. Daylight discloses a lovely island, mountainous, with jagged, stern peaks like giant sentinels reaching to the clouds. Two great tiers of luxuriant vegetation cover the hills to their very summits, the highest of which is two thousand feet; below, fringing the beach, are cocoanut palms in myriads, forming together a glorious picture. The water is of the deepest blue, tinged with purple.

"February 4th, 1935, found us at Wellington, New Zealand. Leaving Rarotonga, a new and distinct phase of the trip is begun. The ship is now heading away from the equator into the cooler latitudes of the Southern Hemisphere, with Wellington, capital of New Zealand, five days distant as its destination. The Tropic of Capricorn is soon crossed, and in the keener air of the temperate zone, tropical lassitude gives way to new found vigor.

"Wellington, capital and business center, from a commercial standpoint is important. Besides being the seat of government for the Dominion, with a population of 135,000, it handles over its wharves much of the considerable commerce of which New Zealand boasts.

"For travelers who plan a lay-over at Wellington, one of the first trips to suggest would be that to Auckland, chief city in the North Island, a run of 426 miles. Auckland has a population of 219,800. It has many handsome buildings of modern design, also beautiful parks and gardens. Auckland's harbor accommodates big overseas liners and cargo steamers from the ports of the world, and has a fine dock.

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"NEPTUNE, GOD OF THE SEA"

"After crossing the 'line' between San Francisco and New Zealand, Captain McDonald of the S.S. *Makura* temporarily resigned his position as commander of the vessel in favor of his crew before the mast. They voted one of their members as "Neptune, God of the Sea." Neptune appointed his assistants, appropriately disguised as denizens of the briny deep, namely: Judge, Sheriff, Police, Attorney for prosecution and defense, as well as a body of Jurors, seated at a crude table. A plank walk was erected from the judicial bench to a sea-water swimming tank, on the border of which was a culprit stool, adjusted with a spring to fall backward.

"The S. S. *Makura's* First Officer stood, elegantly arrayed in a resplendent chief mate's gold-braided uniform, as one of the innocent, smiling spectators. "Neptune" arrogantly pointed to the Chief Mate and shouted "Arrest that man." He was accused of being a spy and the jury unanimously declared him guilty, notwithstanding his protest. The prisoner was rudely seated on the ducking stool on the side of which was a large bucket of soap lather. "Neptune's" barber with a large brush freely lathered the victim's entire face, including forehead and eyes. The mate raised his hand and shouted "Stop!" but the barber filled his mouth with lather. The barber then raised an eighteen-inch wooden razor, the blade having a saw-tooth edge, to shave the guilty prisoner. The ducking stool was then tipped backward, the victim deposited in the sea-water tank. Regardless of sex, other spectators were seized, accused and unanimously declared guilty and shared the same fate as the chief mate. A beautiful young lady of eighteen summers, the belle of the S. S. *Makura* was accused of being too pretty and shared the same fate as her predecessors. Finally, "Neptune" and his official court are thrown into the tank, to be greeted by the hearty applause of a greatly entertained crowded audience.

The S. S. *Makura* arrived at Sydney, Australia, February 9th, 1935. Sydney's landlocked harbor, generally conceded one of the most beautiful in the world, is a fitting introduction to Australia. With a population of one million, sixteen thousand people (1,016,000) all whites; chief among Sydney's attractions are its extensive, fine bathing beaches. Within easy reach of Sydney are Southern National Park, the Blue Mountains, Jenolan Caves. The usual sports of mountain climbing, skiing and tobogganing are offered in the higher Australian Alps.

"February 13th finds us in Melbourne, a city of over one million (1,000,000) inhabitants. This city may be reached from Sydney, either by coastal steamer, or by rail, a distance of 592 miles. Like Sydney, Melbourne is a modern metropolis, in a beautiful natural setting.

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"A visit to St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, disclosed the paramount intent of our Traveler's voyage. The bells of this fine cathedral are an exceptionally fine peal of thirteen bells. Total weight of the peal is about seven tons. The vicar in charge devoted the forenoon of the 13th inst. to the donator of the twenty-five thousand (\$25,000) dollar bells of the new four million (\$4,000,000) dollar Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, California, U. S. A., now under construction, as soon as the steel framework of the cathedral towers are erected.

"The Bell" donator desires to have the privilege of contributing a further sum of \$25,000 at some future date towards purchasing a 'Chime Clock' and the tower endowment, maintenance, etc."

The following letter was sent to the Vicar of St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, Australia:

Reverend Sir:

In appreciation of your extreme courtesy towards your correspondent in showing him your cathedral bells (temporarily hung upside down) as well as the beautiful cathedral, I am delighted to exhibit my gratitude in a practical manner, viz.: Bell Nucleus to rehang the St. Paul's Cathedral thirteen bells, also to apply a device for self-playing Tune Bell Hymns, thus obviating the services of thirteen men bell-ringers. When your cathedral parishioners and their friends have subscribed and paid cash of one thousand pounds as an evidence of good intentions, call on me again and I will gladly augment my nucleus with a much larger contribution.

Yours very faithfully,

Nat T. Coulson.

"On March 4th, 1935, we are in Papua, New Guinea, like another world, colorful, most of it still untouched by civilization and vastly interesting; it lies only a week's journey from Sydney. The great island of New Guinea, while so close to us, is distant many generations of time in its unexplored hinterland and primitive life of the people. Along the coastal areas the friendly natives still regard with wonder the many strange ways of the white men who have come to their country, many of them to cultivate immense plantations, or by the magic of their modern equipment to draw up the glittering riches below the surface of the ground. The advent of the aeroplane has still further convinced them of the all-powerfulness of the visitor to their shores, in whose hands lie their happiness and well-being.

"The trip to Papua and New Guinea is excellent catered for by the Burns Phillip Line of steamers. Our 'Globe Trotter' sailed from Sydney on the S. S. *Montoro* on February 20th, 1935. Townsville and

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Cairns are ports of call on the Australian coast; then the vessel proceeds across Torres Strait to Port Morresby in Papua. The town itself is built on a ridge between two hills, the verdant jungleland for background. Other ports entered were Brisbane, Samaii, Rabaul, and Kavieng.

"A most pleasant feature of this trip was the contribution of the steamship passengers to a fund toward establishing a missionary school at Kavieng, New Guinea, in appreciation of the splendid work done there among the natives by a Seventh Day Adventist missionary who, with his wife, had been in this lonely outpost twelve years."

Need we add that Dr. Coulson was a most generous donor? A brief sketch of Dr. Coulson's noble, generous life was printed in the *Papua Courier*, the only newspaper of that place.

"On March 5th, 1935, an aeroplane flight was enjoyed from Salamana to the New Guinea goldfields. The local 25-acre aerodrome is a mile and three-quarters from Salamana, port of entry to the goldfields. Our enthusiastic party from the *S. S. Montoro* (ten people, two ladies) were delighted to embark on an American new Henry Ford beautiful aeroplane on a journey to the exploited goldfields. The new flyers were held spellbound by the panorama vision under the pilotage of Professor Jack Turner.

"The flight trip from Salamana to the forty-acre aerodrome environment was about 45 miles, and return to Salamana takes approximately three hours. Before the advent of the aeroplane it took pedestrians, with fifty-pound knapsacks adjusted on their backs, eight or ten days to walk the trip. All freight is transported to the goldfields, provisions included, in the flying express. Apart from the opportunity to inspect the goldfields, this flight enables passengers to view the nature of the country, as well as the geographical features and vegetation, which are very interesting.

"Ports visited were Fincha, Fen, Madang, Alexishaven, Lombrum, Lorengan, Pondo.

"From February 20th to March 31st, 1935, our interesting group were exploring the strange, interesting sights in North Australia and the New Guinea Islands. On April 6th, 1935, we left Auckland, New Zealand, on the *S. S. Monterey*, arriving at Suva, Fiji Islands, at 6 A.M. April 9th, departing at 6 P.M. It was my proud privilege to engage an automobile for a journey to the Seventh Day Adventist camp and sanitarium, four miles distant from the landing wharf, and inquire concerning Rev. H. R. Steed regarding the organization of a new Adventist missionary school on one of the New Guinea Islands. This is the fourth missionary station Pastor Steed and his wife have established.

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"April 10th found us at Pago-Pago in the Samoan group, at 6 A.M. leaving at twelve noon.

"April 12th finds us at sea, bound for Oahu, Honolulu.

"Evening, April 13th, was the passengers' Fancy Dress Ball on the *S. S. Monterey*. This evening in honor of the courteous, fascinating, disembarking passengers at Honolulu, was certainly a huge success: Captain S. R. Johnson, his officers, and the crew of the *Monterey* may well feel proud and elated for the joy and hilarity of his six hundred passengers, many of whom will journey with him on the *Monterey* to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

"The elegantly arrayed, resplendent, fancy dress participants represented all nations of the globe and their native costumes: priest, poet, aristocrat, peasants and animals, not forgetting "Mrs. Cow" and the two beautiful butterfly gay young ladies who were concealed within the cow's hide as its mechanism.

"April 15th, 1935, we arrived at Honolulu at 8 A.M. when Captain and Mrs. LaFrenz visited our vessel the *S. S. Monterey*; and we departed at 4 P.M. homeward bound. The gay crowd, new friends, all like one big happy family, indulged in various deck sports to while away the few hours until the wonderful Golden Gate will come into view. They pass through to enter glorious San Francisco Bay, and to be welcomed home to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

The wonderful trip is over, but the memory will forever linger.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow."

MEXICO

AH! BUT the world is indeed a small place when one is imbued with wanderlust. Back in San Francisco, catching up the thread of an interrupted busy life did not suffice for complete occupation of our traveler; hence, after thoroughly acquainting himself with details concerning business affairs, as well as consultation with Grace Cathedral officials, adding plans as well as material suggestions concerning the future "chime bells"—he is off again, this time to Old Mexico on a "flying trip."

On August 18, 1935, he leaves San Francisco by plane which, after stopping in Los Angeles a brief period for breakfast, continues on its skyway, landing in that quaint old city, August 19, 1935, 6:15 P.M. A whole week of sightseeing in the tourist's joy; as he gazes on snow-capped mountains in the distance, what thrills must be his; for he is also ten thousand feet above the city streets, viewing the Sagrario Cathedral (built 1749) from the balcony of Mexico City Castle, called Mexico's "White House," whose murals, among the finest in the world, were done by the celebrated artist Diego Rivera, an interesting gentleman with much personal charm and sincerity. He possesses a rare collection of Aztec art, also a wonderful collection of Mexican idols.

The kindly natured Doctor pauses in the old monastery San Ildefonso whose murals, by Orozco, are unequaled throughout the world. An enchanting garden scene attracts his undivided attention. 'Tis early morn; the Padre slowly moves along the garden path, prayer-book in hand, chanting his matin song to a Father above. The lily pond reflects the morning sunshine. A bird flashes its glittering plumage with a shower of sapphire drops, as it flies out of the water. Moist violets, full of dew, the color of the skies; baby-face pansies on a velvet mossy bed, raise their tiny heads to greet the sunshine. In the shining dew fragile lilies peep through the peonies of cream and rose tints. Oh, the flowers, so radiantly fair! How beautiful to be strolling among these sweet messengers of Paradise! Birds are singing everywhere. Vines of climbing roses are trailing their lovely heads above the wall. Flowery sheltering nooks bright with buds; pleasant walks bordered with scarlet poppies—all beckon the wanderer to stay awhile, rest, refresh his soul in the shadow of the cross.

Lovely daisies, primroses, foxgloves, lift their tiny heads in rever-

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ence as the stately solemn figure moves among them. How peacefull! The scene is cherished by a lonely heart. Slowly the sundial points to the hour of prayer; but listen! There is music deep and solemn floating through the vaulted arches and columns. Echoes full of truth and feeling are sounding through the broken walls.

“You have heard sweet bells a-ringing,
Down the lanes of memory;
Heard them calling, heard them singing,
In the days that used to be.”

There are busy days in Mexico City for the tourist who desires to see as many wonders of both God and man during the time allotted for his stay. He visits the main square, called “Jocalo.” It marks the place where the conquerors made their headquarters. It is surrounded by the world famous cathedral (largest in America). We thoroughly inspect the National Palace, Municipal Palace and Portales (arcades). Here we find the largest collection of historical and archaeological specimens of early historic days. There is the Paseo de la Reforma, one of the most beautiful of city driveways in the world; three miles long, two hundred feet wide; also Chapultepec Park, one of the oldest national parks on the American continent.

When Cortez took possession of Mexico City it wasn't the healthy place it is now. The numerous lakes and canals had bad drainage. The Spaniards, rapidly arriving in this new country, began early to plan a healthier and safer place for troops and missionaries; so they quickly decided on building a place nearer the coast; also to be a base for supplies—Puebla.

Mexican food is familiar, as we have excellent imitations even in our own country. Of course, everywhere is the chili, with beans, pancakes, frijoles and tortillas. These are enjoyed in the interior homes, most frequently cooked to perfection, of which we are very fond. Also chicken is cooked deliciously in Mexico; meats seem to be the specialty. A great deal of chocolate is used here—but not as we eat it. It contains no sweetness; in fact is somewhat bitter. Mexican cooking, so “red hot,” is surely a feast to the tourist.

He visits the Floating Gardens (Xochimilco); enjoys a canoe ride on the canals of this Mexican “Venice”; pauses for luncheon on the terrace overlooking the Gardens with their gay throng of canoe revelers. Afternoons, the bull-fight claims the tourist's attention, as the ticket of admission gave mute evidence. Here one re-lives the days of the Toreadors in their gay lives; at the same time akin to tragedy. No-

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where else in the world are so many strange sights grouped so closely to a large city.

We re-live the days of the Aztec Kings: follow in the footsteps of Cortéz: see today's Young Mexico—the Mexico pictured in song and art by Diego Rivera and Clemente Orozco. Pyramids of the Sun and Moon claim a large share of attention. We are told there are many such ancient wonders in Mexico. Frequently they dig into what seems to be an ordinary hill and find that it is an old pyramid overgrown with grass, flowers, and trees. They are weird and mysterious; we wonder what the people were like who built them thousands of years ago.

And the accompanying citadels! Always, it seems, people prepared for war. The party motored to Texcoco to see where Cortez launched his ships to conquer Tenochtitlan—a city especially noted for its flowers, gardens, and homes.

At Chapingo, the Government Agricultural School was visited: also saw Diego Rivera's finest mural. We motored on to Puebla on the new mountain road which affords the finest sight of the volcanoes, Popocatepetl, Iztaccihuatl, and Mahutzin, and reach our destination for supper and over-night at the new Hotel Colonial.

Puebla! The view en route was magnificent; gorgeout cacti, mysterious trees along the roadside. Birds were singing, bees droning; beautiful red and yellow wild flowers. Of all the towns en route, Cholula was the most interesting. It is a city of churches. The principal one stands on the summit of a pyramid and can be seen glistening white for miles around. This is the Church of the Virgin of Los Remedios. Natives who claim to be cured of various ailments through the intervention of this sacred Virgin, bring many offerings. It was built in the sixteenth century by the Spaniards.

This quaint little town has a delightful charm all its own. The streets are uniform; clean houses, all the old Spanish Colonial style. There are many tiles of all colors on walls, houses and domes. It is called the City of Tiles sometimes. Natives have been making tiles for over four hundred years—five to six inches square. They are so skilled in the coloring that their tiles are different from those of other places; so very gay in coloring, a bit of artistry indeed.

The great cathedral was founded in 1535. Here we see marvelous paintings, rare sculpture and a magnificent altar of onyx. In fact, Puebla is noted for its exquisite onyx shops. This gorgeous cathedral contains many chapels, which abound in rich carvings and famous tapestries (Rubens designed for the King of Spain)—adorn the sacistry. Rare old paintings which adorn the walls make one gasp in wonder and amazement at their grandeur.

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Back in Mexico City, another day we plan a side trip to the Desert of the Lions and Toluca. The Desert of the Lions is a wonderful forest of pine trees, enclosing a quaint old monastery built by Carmelite monks in 1606, with ghastly dungeons, underground labyrinths, secret chapels and a lovely garden; one of the most picturesque towns in Mexico. We saw the famous Toluca baskets, blankets, and lace, sold by the natives.

Who does not recall this beautiful many-colored blossom, the zinnia, with white, yellow, golden, scarlet, lilac, rose, crimson, violet and purple colors, all to please "Youth and Old Age" alike. How appropriate the meaning! From Old Mexico comes this flower, from rugged deep soil on the high plateaus. Its stem is stout; a coarse plant hardy enough to withstand severe climate. How like the people who cultivated and loved it! Massed in all its brilliant colorings, it appealed to the race who love dash, show, gaudy trappings, naturally gay flowers and plants around them.

We see the Indians in the morning streaming down from the hills, bent down under the weight of their own loads; or perhaps more fortunate ones have little donkeys, their beasts of burden, with baskets brimful of wares for sale hanging from each side. How picturesque as they trudge along, going to their market-place! Here they gather under the shade of an old mesquite tree, women and men, to sing with their little ones the songs of Mexico which they have taught them. Here we discover the soul of the Indian, his childish imaginings, his fine sensibility, his wonderful plastic fingers, his sense of humor as depicted in grotesque toys and quaint crafts. In the evening we see them smiling and happy. They have had a profitable market day, with loads lighter trotting hacienda bound.

The highland was good to men; the soil was fertile; the sun brought forth life by day which the cool shadows of night lulled into rest. Men prospered in this highland of the tropics; they multiplied; a culture was born. They became strong, these men of the plateau. To the north and to the south, they extended their empire, and with their migration they brought their culture, their gay, happy, free manner of living. Musician, dancer, painter, and beautiful blossoms, symbols of all that is lovely and cheerful in life, alike have cast their spell upon us.

Early morning finds us on our way to Cuernavaca in time for merienda, a swim in the marvelous pool of the Club's Vista Hotel; sight-seeing before supper through Cortez Palace, with murals by Diego Rivera, also many other works of art, and the Borda Gardens. The Borda Gardens, former residence also of Mrs. Borda's family, with

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their marvelous tropical vegetation, were the work of Joseph La Borda at a cost of one million pesos. This one time magnificent formal garden, in the Italian style, after La Borda's death, passed to alien hands; since then it has suffered from lack of care.

Joseph La Borda was a Frenchman, born in 1700, died May 30, 1778. He came to Mexico in 1716; amassed in mining ventures forty million pesos (\$11,200,000). At Tasco, a little hill town, remote from railroads, Joseph La Borda took from his silver mines many millions. He put one million in the church of Tasco. Jose de la Borda became one of the great plungers of his day. Three separate fortunes he made and lost. When one had slipped from his fingers, he was permitted to sell ornaments in the Tasco church worth several hundred thousand dollars. It seemed that the good Fathers (priests) gladly backed his new ventures. He was buried in the cemetery on a hill near Xochimilco.

He had an only son, Reverend de la Borda, at whose death the vast inheritance fell to the Roman Catholic clergy. Reverend Manuel de la Borda built the church of Guadalupe, adjoining the Borda Gardens. Emperor Maximilian worshipped here; also he and Empress Carlotta had a former residence adjoining the Borda Gardens. Born July, 1832, Maximilian was shot June 19, 1867. As most everyone who reads a bit of history is familiar with the life story of that one time invincible ruler and conqueror, we shall not dwell upon his fortunes and misfortunes, but continue on our enchanting journey through Old Mexico.

We proceed from Cuernavaca to Texcoco through wonderful tropical scenery; small Indian villages and markets, Indian huts, sugarcane fields, banana plantations, give plenty of local color to this interesting trip. It is considered one of the most picturesque spots in the country with its winding cobbled streets, the market-place, old Spanish colonial houses, and various other works of art long since relegated to the past.

This quaint little town lies poised at an altitude of five thousand feet on the side of the lovely Guerrero Mountains, where it seems to nestle for shelter and comfort. In this enchanting little town, opposite the picturesque plaza, stands one of the grandest churches in Mexico, built in 1757. This little unique mining town has a fascination all its own.

Time is passing. Our stay in Old Mexico and its environment must come to a close. We leave by plane on the morning of August 29th, arriving in Guadalajara in the course of two hours, or thereabouts; here we spend the day sight-seeing to outstanding points of interest.

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Guadalajara, second city in size in Mexico, exactly four centuries old, is called the "Pearl of the Occident." Its picturesque Colonial homes with flower-filled patios appeal to the romantic side of one's nature. We drive out to the village of San Pedro Tlaquepaque, where the glass factory is located and Indians are working at their pottery, for which the place is noted. Like most other old cities in Mexico, Guadalajara is also noted for its gorgeous cathedrals and churches. We pause for a short visit to the famous Palace. What romance must be hidden in that wonderful building! It calls to mind a picture of our genial Doctor Nat T. Coulson in company with a group of U. S. girls and boys, enjoying the sights around Old Mexico in a quaint four-in-hand, our hero occupying the front seat with a charming young lady. The entire group wore Mexican sombreros with matching costumes. Romance, indeed.

So we must leave this lands of Dons and Señoritas, for our plane is ready to carry us on our way, August 31, 1935; arriving at Los Angeles Airport, California, toward evening of the same day, from which place we continue to San Francisco and "home," after a few more hours spent in the air among the clouds, with dreams and fancies of fairyland.

The trip is over but the memory still holds one spellbound.

Adios, Mexico!

September 3, 1935.

DE LA VIDA SOCIAL

"Dr. Nat T. Coulson, retired from his profession on April the 15th, 1925, is a globe-trotter and has traveled over 50,000 miles since July, 1934. He has traveled over 26,000 miles around the world with the Dollar Steamship Line from July, 1934, to November, 1934, and from January 18, 1935, he has sailed more than 17,000 miles, visiting New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, Tahiti, and the many other South Sea Islands.

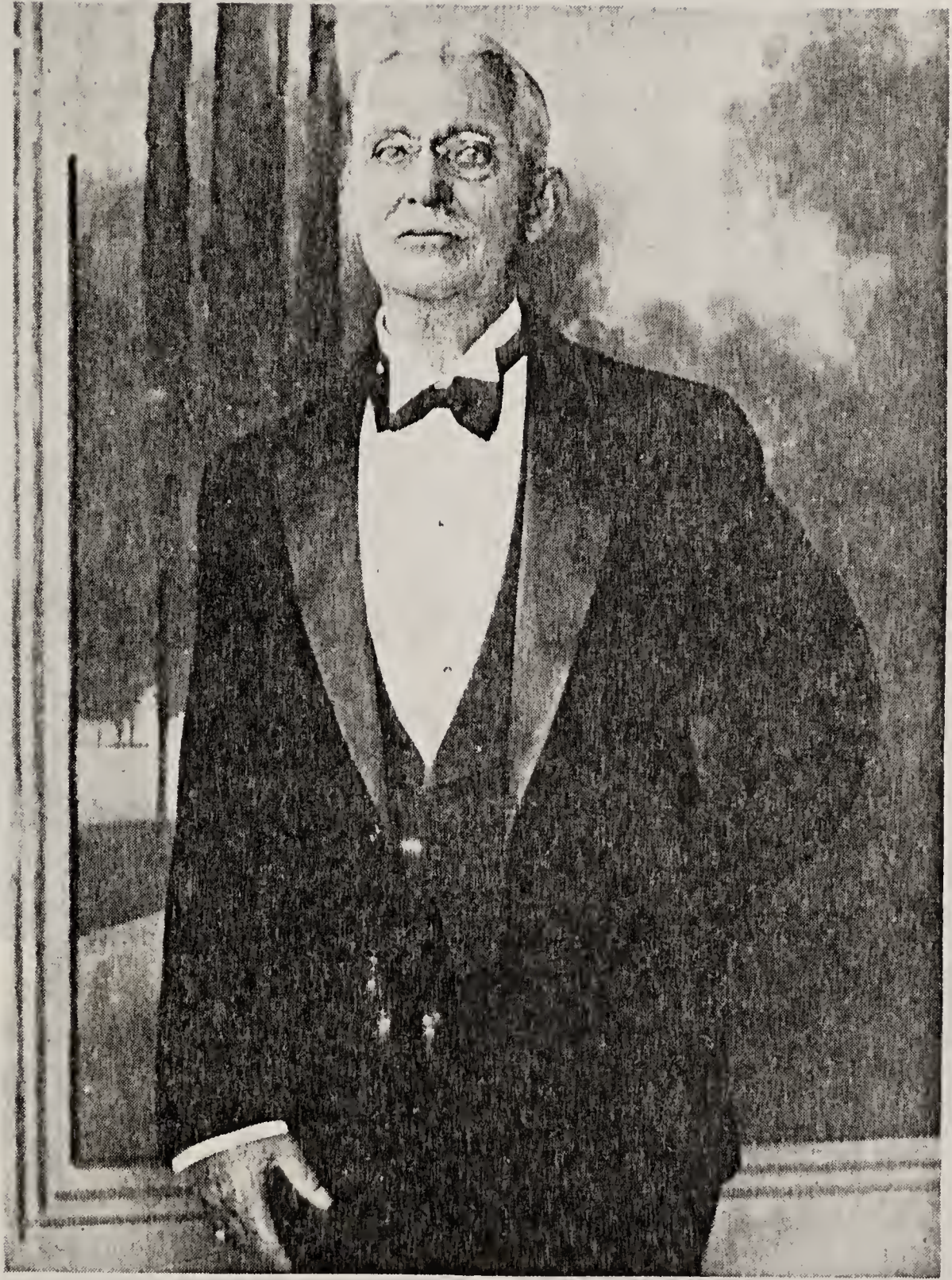
"He flew from San Francisco to Mexico City, August 18, 1935. After visiting the Mexican Capital he arrived at Guadalajara, the second largest city of the Mexican Republic, August 31st, stopping at the Imperial Hotel. He plans to leave the Pearl of the Occident, as Guadalajara is called, on Tuesday, September the 3rd.

"We took privilege of asking our distinguished guest to dance a few fancy steps, as he is very apt in dancing. Among the dances that he favored us with were the Sailor's Hornpipe and "The Blue Danube." And as he terminated his last dance he was greeted for the society

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crowd that attends the dance held in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel weekly, by the famous 'vival'

"The Doctor plans to fly to Colorado and other parts of the States in the near future."



X

A LATER PORTRAIT OF DR. COULSON



THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE



GRACE CATHEDRAL

BACK from a Mexican airplane journey which practically completed a circle of the entire world, our congenial traveler began almost immediately to resume the chapter of his life, still uncompleted. Dr. Nathaniel Thomas Coulson was blessed with a keen sense of humor which has proved to him a most valuable asset. He is a bachelor, and relates that he was once asked by an inquisitive stranger how he invested his first four years' earnings—ten shillings; (5 cents per month). He replied:—"I purchased a fast steam yacht, a speedy race horse, and with another dollar would have got married!" He regretfully added: "I have been chasing that other dollar ever since with no better luck." It would seem that he had found the "other dollar" drawing a conclusion from the following letter:

San Francisco, California
November 25th, 1935.

Dean J. Wilmer Gresham,
1081 Taylor Street,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Dean Gresham:

During the 1928 May drive to raise subscriptions to complete the Grace Cathedral edifice in 1933—(five years hence) assembled in the San Francisco Civic Auditorium.

The undersigned, in a spirit of enthusiasm, offered Twenty Five Thousand (\$25,000.00) Dollars for Grace Cathedral chime bells immediately the steel frame work of the Cathedral towers were erected.

Furthermore, I asked for the privilege to subscribe an additional sum up to \$25,000.00 at a future date—after the dedication of the installed bells for a Tower Clock and endowment for the clock and bells maintenance.

The above subscriptions were made conditionally—that the bells were to be installed during my lifetime, as all obligations would cease on my death.

To assist in bringing the above to an early completion I subscribe Seventy Five Hundred (\$7500.00) Dollars for the erection of the steel frame work of the towers, this same \$7500.00 to be deducted from the maintenance of the bell and clock fund.

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The said \$7500.00 will be payable when the steel frame work material is delivered, and the tower skeleton is in course of erection.

Hoping this will facilitate the construction of the steel towers, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Nat T. Coulson.

On the 25th day of June, 1936, the ground breaking of the Grace Cathedral North Tower took place. It was a great day for our devoted Pilgrim, the beginning of a dream of almost a lifetime was to take on reality. Will he reach his goal? We are inclined toward the affirmative, as we see the smiling face of an alert, active, gray-haired gentleman, in his daily walks, as he passes his beloved shrine.

We find, from conversation with this modest gentleman of the noble heart, that even those whose minds were filled with envy towards his almost miraculous financial success, turned to love, with congratulations, when his marvelous gift to Grace Cathedral was announced to a kindly world. For instance, we enclose a letter from Dr. A. J. Knox, written October 15th, 1936, as follows:—

Suite 203 Grant Building,
1095 Market Street,
San Francisco, California,
October 15, 1936.

Dear Mr. Coulson:

Not having a sufficient opportunity to offer my congratulations to you this morning, I now—viewing you in the light of the man who has reached the top of the world—say: “Well done, our true and faithful giver.”

San Francisco cannot help but rejoice in the future when we hear the peal of the Coulson Chimes wafted over our honored city.

Honored Citizen, the profession to which you belong and all professions, now and ever, honor your intent and yourself for the glories of your many deeds and gifts bestowed on your fellow citizens, and especially for the Chimes, which shall waft its music and remembrance long after we have departed from here.

Sincerely,

A. J. Knox.

That “Tommy” the Plymouth and Bodmin Workhouse boy had

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a keen sense of pathos and most tender heart, is pathetically demonstrated in the following:—

“I feel I do not deserve the kind words expressed in Coulson Park, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, England, on October 12th, 1936, as Clive Burn, Esq., secretary of King Edward VIII, drew aside the veil of King George and Queen Mary’s Silver Jubilee Shelter; but I am human and like them, as tears roll down my cheeks in a cosy, sunny room in the Crocker home, San Francisco, and realize that life now is worth living: furthermore as an evidence of sincerity, the enclosed cheerful cheque of fifteen pounds (\$75.00) for the overflow dedication expense, testifies approval of your human effort to make the King’s representative glad that he is a Cornish gentleman, as well as the participants and spectators are glad they were happy English people on this auspicious event.

I remain as ever,

Yours faithfully,

Nat T. Coulson.”

Messages from loving friends swiftly follow as we read that of John S. Welbank (415 Mills Building, San Francisco) written October 31st, 1936, as follows:—

“In the *San Francisco Examiner* of recent date I read of your magnificent contribution to Grace Cathedral for the purchase and installation of a set of chimes for the church—truly an endearing gift that will be much appreciated by a grateful people. As music tends to foster and develop a love for the finer things, these beautiful chimes soon to ring their message to all San Francisco, will be an inspiration in deepening life’s spiritual values, made possible by your generous gift. I earnestly hope length of days will be yours to enjoy life to the fullest and that the music of the chimes of Grace Cathedral will bring to you the peace and happiness of the kindly years.”

Christmas, 1936, brought messages from every corner of the world—London, England; Australia; Honolulu; Queenstown, South Africa; Florida; Vermont; Boston, Massachusetts; Indiana; Illinois; South Carolina and many points all over California; all expressing the high regard and esteem in which this venerable person is held by new as well as old friends and former patrons.

On May 13th, 1937, the steel structure of the North Tower of Grace Cathedral was completed—with the foundations costing Doctor Nathaniel T. Coulson forty-two thousand, four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and seventy cents (\$42,499.70) which he has paid in full, thus realizing one of his nine years’ dreams. The other dream will be the installing of 44 bells to welcome the opening of the Golden Gate In-

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ternational Exposition in San Francisco Bay, 1939, providing the community can see its way clear to clothe the Grace Cathedral North Tower steel structural fabrication with concrete during the lifetime of Doctor Nathaniel T. Coulson, as well as to install the concrete foundation for the Grace Cathedral South Tower, he will gladly erect the structural steel framework for the South Tower and install sixteen additional bells in the tower, thus completing a Grace Cathedral fifty bell memorial chimes.

In 1907, the famous English architect, George Bodley, (kin of Mary Bodley Coulson, Nathaniel T. Coulson's mother) was engaged, and submitted plans. But before these could be revised by him, according to suggestions submitted by the committee, he died. His successor, Mr. Cecil Hare, revised the plans, and Mr. Lewis P. Hobart of San Francisco, associated with Mr. Hare, adapted them to local conditions. Mr. Hobart has proven to be a worthy successor to the celebrated English architect, George Bodley. It was partially Mr. Hobart's association with Mr. George Bodley's Grace Cathedral designs that prompted Nathaniel T. Coulson to have Mr. Hobart as architect to take charge of the artistic drawing plans for the beautiful steel structural frame of the North Tower of Grace Cathedral, as well as the unparalleled designed model of the North Tower within the sanctuary of Grace Cathedral.

It is interesting to note the brief sketch of George Frederick Bodley to be found in Appendix C, §(4).

There being no funds available at present time with which to add concrete to the North Tower, Doctor Coulson, at his own expense, is finishing the work—total cost of the tower when complete will be approximately \$140,000; thus making total cost of carillon and tower \$190,000.

Within a few days the concrete work upon the North Tower of Grace Cathedral will be complete up to the 409-foot 6-inch elevation, and it is expected that the entire concrete work will be completed before January 1, 1941.

The crypt floor of the Cathedral and Tower is 278.8 feet above San Francisco Bay, and the top of the tower, not including the cross, will be 456 feet above the Bay. Accordingly, the tower will be 177.1 feet high, not including the cross or foundations.

That our benevolent donor of the world famous chimes for Grace Cathedral still retains the indomitable courage and spirit with which he was endowed as a youth, is shown by the following amusing incident. On Saturday morning, May 8th, 1937, Dr. Nat T. Coulson, with uncovered head, stood on the California Street sidewalk gazing with

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reverence and admiration at the above famous steel structural fabrication. A gentleman passing by stopped and wondering what he was looking at, said: "This generation and several generations unborn, will die before that useless tower building is paid for." Dr. Coulson smilingly replied: "It is paid for." The critic retorted: "Perhaps by some bloke with more money than brains." Dr. Coulson, with index finger pointing to his own breast, whispered: "I'm that bloke."

Also an interesting letter from Los Angeles to a member of the Crocker Home, friend of Doctor Coulson, from her daughter, namely:

"We heard on the radio Sunday night, October 31st, 1937, in the March of Time (KFRC) the announcer tell the public all about the man, your neighbor in the Crocker Home, who gave the money for the chimes in Grace Cathedral; also how much he was worth and how many insurance policies he carried. Is he still alive, or has he passed away? You can tell us next time you write." . . . No doubt the above incident gave a thrill to Dr. Coulson, who, although having no previous knowledge of the pending broadcast, was at that very moment listening to the radio, when he heard his own marvelous deeds extolled to the world.

Here is a personality who laid out for himself years ago a life plan and followed it. Now we are nearing the goal. Will Divine Power be his to complete his work? It will. He shall see his glorious chimes installed befittingly on Treasure Island to greet each new dawn with a proper peal of music for some special state, country, or occasion. As we visualize the immense tower on Grace Cathedral, with its cross atop, what revelations appear in our minds, of vision of sacrifice—throughout this splendid, noble life! What a befitting symbol—the cross—should top the beautiful finished product of this man's life. The one goal and ambition he had set in early manhood. What sacrifices—romance; everything of pleasure to attain his goal! Bells for his church! Also topping the city of which he was, and still is, so much a part.

Adjacent to the tower of Grace Cathedral stands a single old eucalyptus tree. It looks worn, battered, but sturdy; has weathered many a storm. How symbolic of the life of a man of strong character. He, too, has made his own way alone and weathered many a storm of life. May the old tree be left as it stands. Destiny awaits the two alike. Lonely as it stands in that sacred spot, awaiting the completion of a task; just so our beloved citizen, alone, as one without romance or family, is likely to be, awaits the arrival of his bells, to ring out glad tidings to a thoughtless but kind and benevolent world.

There is a sound of Mission bells at this very moment! How befit-

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ting, this lovely spring day: blossoms all about. A whirr of wings; the golden-throated swallows are returning to their home at Old San Juan Capistrano Mission, from whence they left October 23rd last year for their annual flight to no one knows where. We visualize the sacred garden where the Padre is standing on the gravel walk, watching his beloved harbingers of spring as they return with song to their nests under the eaves of the old church. Pretty primroses, violets, daffodils, border the garden path. All is peace and quiet, save for the trickle of the fountain. In the adjacent chapel children are singing "La Colondrina." We listen a moment longer to sweet organ music as the nuns of Saint Francis chant their evening prayer. As the notes hush themselves, strains from an old violin are wafted on the perfume laden air as the old sexton plays his song of devotion.

We leave them. The little feathered travelers have again returned on Saint Joseph's Day to a haven of love, peace, and quiet. The Old Mission bells again peal softly; 'tis the evening hour of prayer. All is well again at San Juan Capistrano Mission.

Do we wonder at the sacrifice of Dr. Nathaniel T. Coulson to procure chimes of sweet, sacred music for his Grace Cathedral, to peal forth for all the surrounding habitations, both on land and sea, to enjoy, and uplift their souls to God. 'Tis the revelation of the true, self-sacrificing nature of this beautiful character.

Spring rain, soft and warm. Wind from the ocean whispering in the eucalyptus trees and purring softly in the oaks; then broad patches of blue sky, and bluer iris on the sun mottled hills, mission bells under the madrones, buttercups in every meadow.

These are busy days for the pleasant, kindly mannered Doctor Nat T. Coulson; notwithstanding the fact that he has again settled down to dream and think within sight of the vast expanse of the blue Pacific. We find him rising at 5:30 A.M. with a cold shower. A long walk precedes a hearty breakfast, after which he is ready to meet affairs of the day.

The main ambition of his life is beginning to materialize. They have come from across the sea—England—to assist in formulating plans for casting the big bells. The cherished chimes are almost in the making. Alert, keen, the Doctor meets with business associates each day for consultation. No detail must be overlooked in the molding of these precious bells—the dream of almost a lifetime.

After days and weeks of parley, at last complete arrangements were made with the envoy of an English bell-making firm. The bells are to be manufactured in Croydon, England, and with their frame and equipment will weigh thirty-four tons. The Carillon will cost approximately

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\$50,000. There will be forty-four of these musical bells chiming in the mysterious silence of the air. Largest of them will be the great Bourdon bell, its weight alone six tons, its note low G. The remainder of the carillon will consist of three and a half chromatic octaves. They may be played either from an ivory keyboard manipulated by a carillonneur, or a mechanism controlled by a clock device. Each bell will be carefully tuned; pitched to blend in five tone harmonics with all the others.

The great Bourdon Bell is 82 inches in diameter and weighs 12,001 pounds. The 43 regular playing bells range from low C, 61 inches across and weighing 5126 pounds, to the G bell, two and one-half octaves above, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in width and weighing 13 pounds. Doctor Coulson has made provision whereby the Carillon can be increased to four full octaves by the addition of three bells between low C and low G, and if spared, to build the south tower of the Cathedral. Also he will supply a new and greater bell to swing in that tower, to become the Bourdon to the four-octave Carillon. The present Bourdon, with its frame and playing and swinging equipment weighs nine tons and cost \$9,000.00 and is the largest bell this side of the Rockies.

The ten largest bells will bear inscriptions, selected after much thought on the part of the Dean of the great cathedral to be honored, including other authorities of sacred note, all chosen by Doctor Coulson to serve on his committee.

The engravings on the bells are as follows:

"Bourdon Bell of Carillon for Grace Cathedral, a Cathedral for the Community. First installed in Great Tower of Golden Gate International Exposition, February 18, 1939. Gift of Dr. Nathaniel Thomas Coulson, Born at Penzance, Cornwall, England, August 8th, 1853, Graduate University of California 1885."

On the reverse side of the bell is the following quotation:

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." (John xiv, 6.)

On the large bass bell:—

"Carillon of 44 Bells: Gift of Dr. Nathaniel Thomas Coulson, to Grace Episcopal Cathedral of San Francisco. Edward Lambe Parsons, Bishop: J. Wilmer Gresham, Dean."

On the reverse side of the bell is the following:—

"Paul." "Love never faileth." (I Corinthians, xiii, 8.)

"Isaiah." "Nation shall not lift sword against nation." (Isaiah, ii, 4.)

"Loving Kindness." "St. Francis of Assisi." (Psalms, xxxvi, 7.)

"Joy to the World." "Let the nations be glad and sing for joy." (Psalms, lxvii, 4.)

"Wisdom." "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. (I Thesalonians, v, 21.)

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"Thanksgiving." "It is a good thing to give thanks." (Psalms, xcii, 1.)

"Prayer." "Hear my prayer, O Lord." (Psalms, cxliii, 1.)

"Benevolence." "Let us do good unto all men." (Galatians, vi, 2.)

"The Golden Rule." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." (St. Matthew, vii, 12.)

There is an ancient custom handed down to us from many preceding generations; that is, of people having a special interest in bells to be cast, of donating small coins (preferably dimes) to be put into the molten metal used in casting favored bells. Thus, when news was given out that the great bells were about to be cast, requests began pouring in from all over the world for coin donors to be honored with his or her name on the historical annals of the grand carillon. The utter impossibility of granting all requests may readily be seen; hence, in justice to the donor of the chimes, names of those close to his interests in planning the gift, as well as those of a few chosen friends, were selected upon which to confer this great honor.

We find heading this list with the Doctor's name, first, those of Judge George E. Crothers; Edwin W. Armstrong, who forwarded a guinea of George III, dater 1794, as a joint contribution, to be thrown into the metal for the great Bourdon Bell of the Carillon. Next in line to be so honored were the Right Reverend Bishop Parsons: Dean Gresham, as well as Grace Cathedral Canons and other local clergymen, together with the Organist, Choir Boys, and others connected with the Cathedral, all of whom sent dimes for insertion in the great Paul Bell.

Of especial interest were two coins sent by Lawrence B. Ridgely, S.F.D. Canon Sacrist of Grace Cathedral, to be used in the casting of the Saint Paul Bell. First, one silver dollar of the tenth year of the Republic of China, (i.e., A.D. 1921); second, one copper cent equal to ten copper "cash" in Chinese money, coined in the last years of the Manchu Dynasty. These two coins were all that were left in the possession of the Rev. Dr. L. B. Ridgely when he arrived in Shanghai in March, 1927, after having been stripped of most of his clothing, seen his house looted of everything, himself threatened with death when the City of Nanking, in China, was taken by the Southern Army; on that day some disorderly troops broke loose, devastating people and property, an act not allowed by the Government. The name of Mrs. L. B. Ridgely was also to be honored with that of Canon Ridgely, her husband.

Herewith follows a letter from the Right Reverend Edward L. Parsons which serves to corroborate the general sentiment of the church people toward the entire carillon, which shall be an inspiring ele-

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ment to the Cathedral life as well as to the general public.

THE DIOCESAN HOUSE
1215 SACRAMENTO STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

The Bishop's Office,
May 25, 1938.

Dr. Nathaniel T. Coulson,
2507 Pine Street,
San Francisco, California.

My dear Dr. Coulson:

I want to thank you first of all for the dime which Judge Crothers has forwarded to me to be put in the Paul Bell for the Reverend Dr. Block, Coadjutor. I shall let him know that you were interested to have this go in his name.

And then I want to thank you for the letter telling me about the bells, etc. I do not think there is anything I need to answer in it, except to express my great interest in the whole project, and again to thank you for all that you are doing for the Cathedral.

Yours faithfully,

Edward L. Parsons.

A long list of devoted friends from distant points of the world, as well as San Francisco and vicinity, followed with the request that their coins (dimes) be melted separately and the result apportioned approximately equal to the bell metal of the bells entitled "Wisdom," "Thanksgiving," "Prayer," "Benevolence" and "The Golden Rule." These are followed by names of members of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home of San Francisco, with a dime enclosed by each, with the request the coins be inserted in the molten metal of the great bell "Isaiah."

The keen interest which Exposition officials have taken in the whole enterprise, and given so much time and thought toward the installation of the chimes in the Great Tower for the duration of the Fair (after which the carillon is to be placed in the North Tower of Grace Cathedral, as already stated), is attested by a number of these accomplished gentlemen also sending their dimes for insertion in the bell entitled "Joy to the World." In addition, a special envoy of "Good Will" was sent, with the Doctor's permission, by the Exposition (Publicity Department) to carry in person many of these precious

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coins to the foundry in Croydon, England (of Gillette & Johnston) where they will be cast in the molten metal as it forms one of the most inspiring carillons in our nation's history.

The following letters contain an account of the naming of another bell:

My dear Mr. Johnston:

This afternoon Dr. Coulson was in the office together with a lady, Mrs. Rosa Lee Baldwin, who is writing his biography, and he referred to an incident where the children in the village church moved away from him because he wore the uniform of the workhouse and was the son of a worthless father. He said that the organist, Abigail Santo, saw the occurrence and he noticed a large teardrop roll down her cheek as a result of her sympathy with him.

At once this occurred to me to exemplify a trait of character not memorialized in any of the names of the ten large bells, and I asked Dr. Coulson if he had any objection to having one of the smaller bells entitled "Sympathy" and having the simple name "Abigail Santo" placed under it, with an appropriate motto. To this he assented, and I am now suggesting that if it is not too late, one of the medium large bells not yet cast and not already named, be inscribed,

SYMPATHY

Abigail Santo

"Jesus wept." (John, xi, 35.)

It might be well to leave quite a break between the other names and this one, which is purely personal to Dr. Coulson. This break will emphasize all the more the courage which Abigail Santo gave him and the affection for her which he has ever since entertained, although he has never seen or communicated with her since leaving Lostwithiel, Cornwall, England.

Sincerely yours,

George E. Crothers.

COPY

The Bells Shall Ring

GILLET & JOHNSTON
LIMITED

Croydon, 30th June, 1938

The Honourable Geo. E. Crothers,
Messrs. Crothers & Crothers,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
690 Market Street,
San Francisco.

Dear Judge Crothers,

Just as I had finished writing to Dr. Coulson the letter a copy of which I enclose, your own letter of the 16th June arrived. By a most curious coincidence it arrived in the nick of time by about a quarter of an hour, as I caught the moulders in the bellfoundry completing the outer mold of the last available bell that is not cast upon which it would be possible to put the inscription which you sent. We are therefore casting—

SYMPATHY

Abigail Santo

“Jesus wept,” John xi, 35

on No. 33 bell, the twelfth largest bell; the eleventh has already been cast and tuned.

I was much interested in the story of the incident in Dr. Coulson's life which led you to make this request, and I am very glad that we are able to carry it out.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Cyril F. Johnston.

Also is noted a most appropriate suggestion concerning the chimes of the great carillon from Honorable Richard M. Tobin of San Francisco, whose remarks are as follows:

“Do you think it would be well to arrange, if we can, to have the carillon broadcast in San Francisco in the morning, at noon, and at the sunset hour? I think you are entitled to the grateful remembrances of all San Franciscans and indeed of all lovers of beauty.

(Signed)

R. M. Tobin.

There follows more interesting news pertaining to the carillon, namely, a letter from Cyril F. Johnston, at Croydon, England:

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May 31, 1938.

My dear Dr. Coulson:

Thank you for your letter of the 16th May. Mr. and Mrs. Lebkicher lived next door to us in Croydon for some time, and had returned to Berkeley. She is evidently returning to London to join her husband, who had been recalled by the Standard Oil Company.

Lord Falmouth was very interested to hear of you and your close association with Cornwall.

During the voyage home on the *Europa* an ex-officer of my old regiment reminded me last week that our Annual Dinner of the Grenadier Guards' past and present officers was to be held last night, and so I was able to attend. Bearing in mind your remarks concerning Queen Mary, I must tell you that I sat within a yard of the Earl of Harewood, Queen Mary's son-in-law, at the dinner and we had some lively conversation.

Thank you for the George III guinea, dated 1794, the joint contribution of Judge George E. Crothers, Mr. Edwin W. Armstrong, and yourself. I will see that it is thrown into the molten metal of your Bourdon Bell.

We shall leave no stone unturned to give you of our very best, and hope with you that the Carillon will be a source of joy and satisfaction to the visitors to the Exposition and subsequently to the people of San Francisco.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

Cyril F. Johnston.

Again, on June 30th, 1938, we received more news concerning the bells from Cyril F. Johnston from Croydon, England:

My dear Dr. Coulson:

Many thanks for your letter of the 13th June.

Since writing to you the Grace Cathedral bells have progressed still further. Thirty-six of the bells are cast, of which twenty-six are tuned, and ten are in process of tuning. Five more bells will be cast on Friday next, the 1st July, when some American visitors will be present. That will leave only three bells to cast, viz., No. 44 (The Bourdon) on about the 15th July, and Nos. 40 and 43 (low E and low C) on about the 3rd August.

The frame for the Carillon is complete and the bells are being fixed in it, as the tuning of each one is finished.

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The fittings and the electro-pneumatic mechanism are all well advanced.

We will be content to leave the bells to speak for themselves.

Yours sincerely,

Cyril F. Johnston.

A cablegram, received August 18th, direct from the bell foundry, sent by Kamiel Lefèvre, world renowned carillonneur, reads as follows:—

Carillon with frame and fittings entirely satisfactory. Bells perfect tone and tune. Exposition mechanism practically complete but not yet connected and confident will be satisfactory. Emphasize necessity clavier for recitals but essential settle quickly, otherwise shipment and completion seriously hampered. Photograph taken today. Sailing Saturday.

Lefèvre.

Mr. Lefèvre was sent on special authority and request by Dr. Nathaniel T. Coulson and Judge George E. Crothers, for inspection and approval of bells as to tone and other essential qualities, including hanging and playing devices.

How fitting to have his bells come from dear Old England,—birthplace of "Tommy, the Farmer Boy." Surely all the sweet sentiment of a boyhood dream will be cast in that molten metal as it slowly shapes the realization of an achievement won only through years of hard work and self-denial. A fine tone carillon is the highest point in evolution of bell instruments, a highly developed and elaborated chime. Nothing but the purest, best, has been Dr. Coulson's aim throughout his busy, useful life, and every sign still points to that same goal in his abundant years.

Some of the finest chimes in the world hang in English cathedrals, and nowhere in the world have bells been used with such effect. In the seventeenth century, ringing clubs were formed for change ringing. It became so popular that men from all ranks of life, peerage down, joined in the sport, equal to that of golf, hunting, football, or any other popular sport. England became known as "The Ringing Isle."

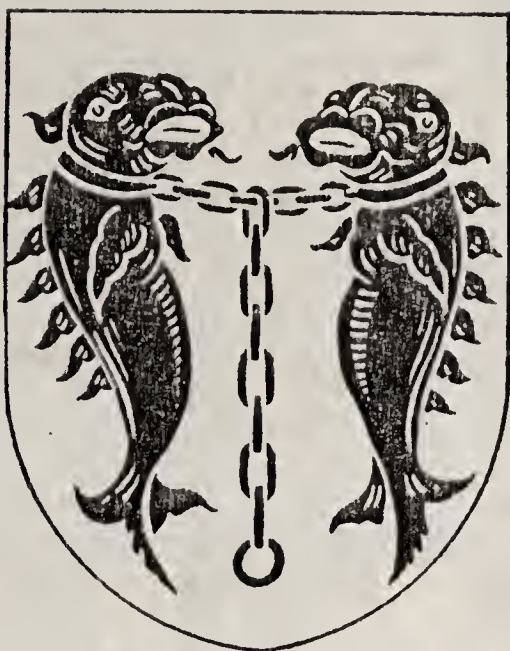
San Francisco has no chimes to ring far out to sea and for miles inland. It is the one indescribable something which travelers and visitors, especially from foreign countries, miss soon after stepping foot upon our shores. There are no bells to ring for the different hours and

Rosa Lee Baldwin

occasions of the day; no charm, in sweet music, to call them to prayer or worship. No watchful chimes to tell them all is well—and so to rest peacefully during the night, to be awakened at dawn—with the Bells.

Oh, the magic of Bells! Sounds of the bells bring forth memories; all sorts of imaginations of the human soul. God was ever mindful of bells, for in nature do we not have beautiful bells of various colors and hues? Feather climbing clematis bells; refreshing white, fragile, Canterbury bells; lavender, pink, white; in an elegant airy, mood; and Golden Bells of holy script adorning the robes of high priests.

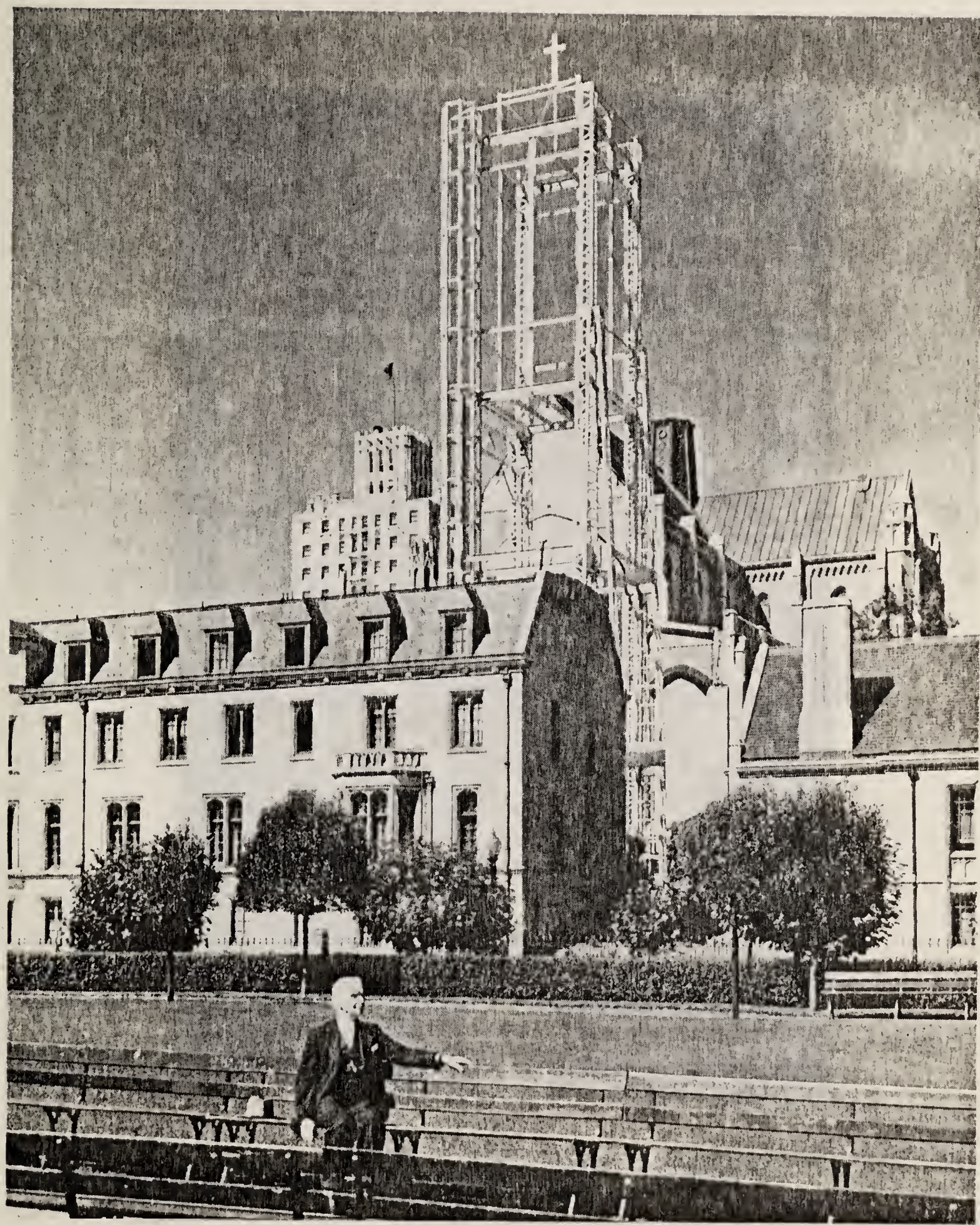
Musical melodies floating down through the air from a high tower can hardly help lifting the thoughts of a people above material things, and must play a definite part in the molding of character. We were seated in the garden—invisible atmosphere felt the melody of the chimes far aloft on the broad perpendicular field of the cathedral tower. How stirring to the soul! The whole land, as well as far out to sea, heard its beauty; as the sacred notes of “Abide with me” floated out upon the cool, salt air.



A NOTE ON THE COULSON FAMILY CREST

The Coulson family crest bears a chain-and-dolphin device of unusual design. Here is an interesting account of its origin told in Dr. Coulson's own words:

"One of Edward Coulson's ships, returning from the West Indies richly laden, sprang a leak which the crew were unable to stop. The water was rapidly rising in the vessel when a dolphin was sucked into the aperture, and thereby the vessel and crew were saved."



XII

THE NORTH BELL TOWER IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION
[DR. COULSON IN FOREGROUND]



[XIII]

MAYORAL CHAIN, LOSTWITHEL

[DR. COULSON, DONOR]

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS OF SILVER COINS FOR THE BELL METAL

T. G. CROTHERS GEO. E. CROTHERS
CROTHERS & CROTHERS
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW
600 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

May 31, 1938

Dr. Nat T. Coulson,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Doctor:

This is to acknowledge receipt of silver coins contributed by SAN FRANCISCO WESTERN ADDITION RESIDENT FOLK AND THEIR FRIENDS, BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD, for insertion in the bell metal, to be cast into the carillon of bells to be first installed in the great tower of the Golden Gate International Exposition, and then to be established in the north tower of Grace Cathedral, which you are constructing.

The names of the contributors, alphabetically arranged, are as follows:

NAME OF DONOR	NAME OF BELL
Ambrose, Miss Emily, Bishop Parsons' Secretary	Paul
Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin	Bourdon
Grace Cathedral Congregational Committee	
Baldwin, Rosa Lee	Golden Rule
Author of Dr. N. T. Coulson Biography (Grace Cathedral)	
Barker, Miss Alice	Thanksgiving
Barker, Miss Helen C.	Thanksgiving
Lecturer, deYoung Museum, San Francisco	
Bartholomew, Miss Carroll	Thanksgiving
Beswarick, Mr. and Mrs. J. A.	Thanksgiving
Mr. J. A. Beswarick and Dr. Nat T. Coulson only living members of Methodist Church Sunday School Bible Class, 1865-1869.	
Block, Right Reverend K. M.	Paul
Bishop Coadjutor Elect, Grace Cathedral	
Briggs, Miss Eleanor	Isaiah

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NAME OF DONOR	NAME OF BELL
Brown, Arthur, Jr. Chairman, Agricultural Commission, Golden Gate International Exposition	Joy to the World
Busch, Mrs. Margaret	Paul
Canoles, Rev. and Mrs. John Pastor, Presbyterian Church, San Rafael; fellow travelers touring the world, including Egyptian Pyramids and Pal- estine (the Holy Land) with Dr. Coulson, during 1934	Paul
Carpenter, Mrs. Ella	Isaiah
Claiborne, Miss Rose	Isaiah
Coleman, S. Waldo Grace Cathedral, Chairman Building Committee	Bourdon
Conick, Harris D. H. Chief Director, Golden Gate International Exposition	Joy to the World
Coulson, Dr. Nathaniel T. Donor of North Tower and 44 bells to Grace Cathedral, San Francisco; and "Coulson Park," Lostwithiel, Cornwall, England; also Silver Jubilee Pavilion, 1910-1935, of King George and Queen Mary	Bourdon
Crothers, Judge George E. Attorney for Nat T. Coulson	Bourdon
Crothers, Thomas G.	Paul
Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Chester and Family	Wisdom
Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and Family	Wisdom
Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene and Family	Wisdom
Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest and Family	Wisdom
Curry, Thomas Jefferson, Grace Cathedral	Wisdom
Day, W. P. Vice-President and Director of Works, Golden Gate International Exposition	Joy to the World
Deering, Frank P. Grace Cathedral Congregational Committee	Paul
Dittmer, Mrs. Sophia	Benevolence
Eschenberger, Mrs. Elizabeth	Benevolence
Franchaut, Miss Cummie	Joy to the World
Frick, Edward L. Chief, Division of Architecture, Golden Gate International Exposition	Joy to the World
Gonzales, Mrs. May Superintendent, Protestant Episcopal Ladies' Home, 2770 Lombard Street, San Francisco	Isaiah

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NAME OF DONOR	NAME OF BELL
Gould, John J. Chief, Division of Structural Engineering, Golden Gate International Exposition	Joy to the World
Gresham, Very Reverend and Mrs. J. Wilmer Dean, Grace Cathedral	Paul
Harris, Mrs. Ella	Paul
Hart, Miss Frances Irvine (two Montana silver nuggets)	Isaiah
Hickey, Miss Alice M. Judge George E. Crothers' Secretary	Prayer
Hoar, Hedley, Dawlish, England	Golden Rule
Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea	Joy to the World
Hurdle, Mr. and Mrs. M. J.	Golden Rule
Irvine, Mrs. Jessie	Prayer
Jago, Mr. and Mrs. M. J., Lostwithiel, England	Prayer
Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin and Family	Wisdom
Johnson, Mrs. Blanche E. Curry	Wisdom
Johnson, Mrs. Isabella, Grace Cathedral	Golden Rule
Keesling, William H.	Golden Rule
Kirk, Mrs. J. Collord	Golden Rule
Kling, Mrs. Marie	Golden Rule
Korkendofer, Miss Rose	Thanksgiving
Laing, Miss Lucretia	Isaiah
Lebkicher, Mrs. Roy Personal envoy to Croydon, England, from Exposition Officials	Bourdon
Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. G., Melbourne, Australia	Joy to the World
Le Jennessen, Mrs. Minnie C.	Isaiah
Lemaire, Miss Marie R.	Isaiah
Lew, Dr. William A.	Wisdom
Liddicoat, A. Santo Nephew of Abigail and John Santo. Mayor of Lostwithiel, England, 1935.	Thanksgiving
Linden, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W.	Isaiah
Lobb, James Lawrence, Otago, New Zealand	Joy to the World
Locke, Miss Eleanor	Isaiah
Lucchering, Mrs. Alice	Isaiah
Lucey, Mrs. Rosetta	Isaiah
MacArthur, Hugh, Vancouver, Canada	Joy to the World
MacFayden, Miss Elsie	Isaiah

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NAME OF DONOR	NAME OF BELL
Mackenzie, Miss Marie	Thanksgiving
Monges, Miss Jean P.	Isaiah
Morris, Mrs. Clara	Isaiah
Mason, Mrs. Kathryn	Thanksgiving
Noble, General Robert H.	Paul
Grace Cathedral Congregational Committee	
Onstott, Mrs. Susie	Isaiah
Osborne, Miss Grace	Paul
Dean J. W. Gresham's Secretary	
Parsons, Right Reverend Edward L.	Paul
Bishop, Diocese of California, Grace Cathedral	
Peck, Mrs. Martha	Joy to the World
Pogson, Mrs. Anna	Wisdom
Pogson, Miss Joan, Edinburgh, Scotland	Joy to the World
Powell, Mrs. Editha	Wisdom
Pownell, Mrs. Elvira	Isaiah
Powrie, Mrs. Jean E.	Isaiah
Ridgley, Reverend and Mrs. L. B.	Paul
Canon, Grace Cathedral	
Rood, Miss Emmy Lou	Golden Rule
Santo, Miss Abigail	Sympathy
Organist, Sunday School, Lostwithiel, England. "In Memoriam"	
Santo, John	Sympathy
Superintendent, Methodist Sunday School, Lostwithiel, England, 1865-1869, "In Memoriam"	
Schonian, Mrs. Augusta, Grace Cathedral	Prayer
Sillifant, Stanley	Paul
Small, Mrs. Isabella	Prayer
Stirling, Dr. Mattie	Prayer
Office Assistant of Dr. Nat T. Coulson, 1896-1909	
Summers, Mrs. Anna	Prayer
Sunnig, Mrs. Margaret	Isaiah
Talbot, Mrs. T. F. Coulson, Manchester, England	Joy to the World
Teddy, Mr. and Mrs. Fred, Truro, England	Golden Rule
Thomas, Mrs. Maria L. (age 104)	Isaiah
Thronsen, Henry	Golden Rule
Tiemann, Miss Frieda, "In Memoriam"	Sympathy
Tregarthen, William Coulson	Joy to the World
Queenstown, South Africa	
Trevail, Charles T.	Sympathy
Luxulyan, Lostwithiel, England, "In Memoriam"	

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NAME OF DONOR	NAME OF BELL
Triebel, Mrs. Augusta	Wisdom
Valianos, Miss Norma	Thanksgiving
Walcom, Thomas Jefferson	Thanksgiving
Webster, Mrs. Grace H.	Thanksgiving
Wheeler, Mrs. Blanche	Isaiah
Wickham, Mrs. Dora	Isaiah
Wildasinn, Mrs. Bell R., Grace Cathedral	Benevolence
Williams, Mrs. Margaret	Isaiah
Wise, Mrs. Julia	Golden Rule

In compliance with your request I am mailing a copy of this letter to Mrs. J. W. Leavitt, President of the Board of Managers, Crocker Home, San Francisco; also to Rev. Joseph Denham, Superintendent, and to Mrs. Anna Pogson, Executive Secretary, one of the contributors.

Congratulating you upon the great interest which your friends and the whole community are taking in your great enterprise, I am:

Sincerely yours,

George E. Crothers.

APPENDIX B

AN HISTORICAL NOTE ON THE COULSON FAMILY

Back in the mists of time the forefathers of the Coulson race, the old Danish Vikings, "Scourges of the Sea," by the fierce, untiring energy had the hardihood to overcome all obstacles—of which there were none too great and plant themselves victors over all which they desired to possess. To win the crown of success in life—wealth, position, honor of fellow men, requires as many keen struggles, with as bitter foes as the warriors of old fought in battles. A degree of this indomitable energy and fixity of purpose seems to have come down through generations and in this day manifest itself intensified in a Coulson who early in life, as a small English boy, took for his motto the old one, viz.:

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

LINEAGE OF THE COULSON FAMILY

Line of Thomas Coulson, of Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, England.

Supposed to belong to the older line—Thomas Coulson; 1692 in the adjoining county of Derby; probably connected also with the line of Francis Coulson of Leicester, 1753. Went to Cornwall about 1760 to do some work of an artistic nature upon the parish church of Gulvel. Settler at Clyandour where most of his family were born and where most of them are interred. Descendants and head of family in vicinity. Per William H. Coulson, 1834-1932; Greenbank, Alkerton, Penzance, Cornwall; and continued by him.

(1) Thomas, born 1736, died 1782; married 1763 to Joan Oliver; children: Thomas, Richard, Henry, Kitty, John, William: Mary Coulson: Joan Coulson—born 1741, died 1807.

(2) Thomas: born August 12, 1767, died April 15, 1845; married to Mary Borlase, 1790. For many years, master painter in Her Majesty's Dockyards, Davenport. Children: Thomas, Walter, William, Mary Borlase Coulson.

(3) Thomas: born 1791; of the Navy Office. Died, October 9, 1813.

(4) Walter: born 1794; Counselor at Law. Died 1860, unmarried. He died at North Bank, St. John's Wood, London, November 21, 1860. His will was proved December 14, 1860. Most of his landed property and personalty being left to his brother William (surgeon) for his life.

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afterwards to his nephews, Rev. Thomas Borlase Coulson and Walter John Coulson.

(5) William: born Septemer 15, 1801, died May 5, 1877; Penzance. Married to Maria Bartram.

Mary Bartram Coulson: born April 14, 1803, died January 7, 1876.

William Coulson became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, September, 1826. Dr. William Coulson was a consultant of St. Mary's and the German Hospitals. He was Deputy Lieutenant for Cornwall, England, as well as High Sheriff and Magistrate of this county. The will of Dr. William Coulson, who died May 5, 1877, and codicil dated February 29, 1876, were proved on the 17th by the Rev. Thomas Borlase Coulson, and Walter John Coulson, nephews, acting executors; the personal estate being one hundred and twenty thousand pounds (\$600,000). The estate bequeathed to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, one thousand pounds (\$5,000); to the Penzance Dispensary, Margate, England, five hundred pounds (\$2,500); and other legacies. The residue of his personalty he left between his said nephews. The testator devised his Cornish estate to his nephew, the Rev. Thomas Borlase Coulson; and his real estate to his nephew, John Walter Coulson.

(3) Mary Borlase Coulson, born 1803; died February 3, 1879; married John Coulson. Children: Thomas Borlase Coulson, Walter Coulson, Richard, born September 12, 1770, died March 29, 1846; married Joan Carkeet Coulson. Children: Richard (senior), John, Kitty, Mary, Nathaniel. Joan Carkeet Coulson, born 1766, died February 15, 1837.

(1) Richard (junior) of Alverton House, Madron, Cornwall; portrait painter in oils. Painted the commandments, etc., on the altar screen at St. Mary's Church, Penzance, 1834.

(1) Richard Coulson (junior) died June 8, 1838. First married to Mary Mitchell Richards, who died 1824, aged 34 years. One child. Richard Carkeet Coulson. Second marriage to Maria Clifton Cooper; children: Henry, George, Louise, Lydia, Eliza, Emma, and one illegitimate son, Sydney. These descendants supposed to have settled in Quebec or Pennsylvania.

(1) Richard Carkeet Coulson: died in City of Exeter, Devonshire, June 22, 1884; married April 20, 1847, to Mary Bodley Frost, kin of Sir Thomas Bodley (1544-1612) donor of the Bodleian Library, Oxford University, England.

(1) Children of Richard Carkeet Coulson and Mary Bodley Frost Coulson: Mary Edith, Richard, Joseph, Nathaniel Thomas.

Rosa Lee Baldwin

(1) Mary Edith: born September 21, 1849, died 1927; married April 10, 1873, to Herbert Rowe. Children: John, Edith.

(2) Edith: born September 17, 1877; married to Howard Patterson, June 14, 1899, who died. Edith later married William Tuttle, 40, Colony Road, New Haven, Connecticut, U. S. A.

(1) Richard Joseph: born May 24, 1851, died May 22, 1932.

(1) Nathaniel Thomas: born August 8, 1853; unmarried.

(Compiled by Nathaniel T. Coulson.)

APPENDIX C

LINEAGE OF MARY BODLEY (FROST) COULSON

(1) Sir Thomas Bodley (1544-1612) donor Bodleian Library, Oxford University, England; born at Exeter, England. Sir Thomas Bodley was a diplomat and scholar. In 1563 he took his B.A. degree and was admitted a Fellow of Merton College. In 1565 he read a lecture in Greek in the Hall and earned his M.A. degree. He became Proctor in Natural Philosophy in the public schools. Quitting Oxford in 1576 he made a tour of Europe. Shortly after his return he became Gentleman Usher to Queen Elizabeth, and in 1587, apparently, he married Ann Ball, a widow of considerable fortune, at Bristol, England. In 1585 he was entrusted with a mission to form a league between Frederick II of Denmark and certain German princes to assist Henry of Navarre. He was next dispatched on a secret mission to France, and in 1588 was sent to the Hague as Minister, a post which demanded great diplomatic skill, for it was in the Netherlands that the power of Spain had to be fought. He was finally permitted to return to England in 1596 but, finding his preferment obstructed by the jarring interests of Burleigh and Essex, he retired from public life. He was knighted on the 18th of April, 1604. He is, however, remembered especially as the founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, practically the earliest public library in Europe. He determined, he said, to take his farewell of state employment and to set up his staff at the library door in Oxford. In 1598, his offer to restore the old library was accepted by the University. Bodley not only used his private fortune in his undertaking but induced many of his friends to make valuable gifts of books.

One of Sir Thomas's first acts was the presentation of a large collection of books, purchased on the Continent at an expense of ten thousand pounds (about \$50,000). The Bodleian Library was opened with great ceremony November 8, 1603; the next year it was granted letters patent by King James I, who himself gave it the name of its founder. In 1611, he began its permanent endowment, and at his death in London, January 28, 1613, the greater part of Sir Thomas Bodley's fortune was left to the Bodleian Library. He was buried in the choir of Merton College Chapel, Bristol, England, where a monument of black and white marble was erected to him. Knighted by King James I, he desired that he might be buried in keeping with his knightly rank, and accordingly directed that six hundred and six

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pounds, thirteen shillings and fourpence (\$3,050.00) be expended for the ceremony. As stated, Dr. Coulson's mother, Mrs. Mary Bodley Frost Coulson, was kin of Sir Thomas Bodley.

(2) Rev. Lawrence Bodley, D.D.: died 1615. Canon of Exeter; was a brother of Sir Thomas Bodley, being the third son of John Bodley. He was educated at Oxford, taking the degree of B.A. January 21, 1565-6; that of M.A. July 9, 1568. He was entered as being a member of Christ Church, when created D.D. March 30, 1613. He was Canon of Exeter before 1588; also Rector of Shobrooke, Devonshire. Probably it was mainly through him that the Dean and Chapter of Exeter gave, in 1602, eighty-one valuable manuscripts from the library of their cathedral to the new library at Oxford. Among other gifts of Bishop Leofric, the founder of the church, the well known Leofric Missal.

In the will of his brother, Sir Thomas, he appeared as the principal legatee among his kindred. He died April 19, 1615.

(3) Sir Josias Bodley: soldier and military engineer; fifth and younger son of John Bodley of Exeter (of whose sons, Sir Thomas Bodley was the eldest). Early youth was spent with his family at Weseland, Geneva. Had some foreign education as his other brothers, also one of the correspondents of the "brained Drusius." On the return of the family to England he is believed to have studied at Merton College, Oxford. He at some time visited Poland—judging from his "Journey to Lecale" in which he describes Polish drinking customs. He afterwards served in the English army in the Netherlands and appears in 1598 as captain of a company of troops, withdrawn from Holland, for service in Leinster against the Earl of Tyrone. Thenceforward his life was chiefly spent in military duty in Ireland. In 1601 he distinguished himself, when Governor of Newry, by destroying a village on some small isle called Loghrorean, by means of arrows tipped with wild fire. In 1605 he was still fighting at Waterford, Ireland. On May 28, 1604, he was given the custody of Duncannon Castle, and resigned it 1606. In 1607 he was in England but returned to Ireland with the appointment of Superintendent of Castles. The survey for the great Ulster plantation was entrusted to him, with others, in 1609, and was so well done that in 1616 the King proposed to employ him for more pay; but he prayed to be released on an allowance for the rest of his life—which was answered by being appointed Director-General of Fortifications in Ireland for life.

In November, 1613, he was in England to attend the funeral of his brother Thomas, to whose library he had given an astronomical sphere. In Sir Thomas' will was left to his brother Sir Josias, one hun-

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dred pounds (\$500.00;) property in London; release from debt for loans. He had now reached his last years of service; on February 9, 1619, two successors were jointly appointed directors of fortifications. His burial place in Ireland is not known.

(4) George Frederick Bodley (1827-1907) born at Hull, England: famous architect, known as the chief exponent of fourteenth century English Gothic and the leading ecclesiastical architect in England. Among his principal erections may be mentioned All Saints, Cambridge, and numerous other edifices in England. He also designed the cathedral at Washington, D.C., U. S. A.; Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, California, U. S. A.; also a cathedral at Tasmania, South of Australia.

(Compiled by Nathaniel T. Coulson.)

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